

LONDON

AN

INTIMATE PICTURE

HENRY
JAMES
FORMAN



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LONDON
AN
INTIMATE PICTURE

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF HEINE
THE IDEAL ITALIAN TOUR
LONDON—AN INTIMATE PICTURE





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Horseguard at Entrance to Whitehall

L O N D O N

AN

INTIMATE PICTURE

BY
HENRY JAMES FORMAN
AUTHOR OF ²¹
"THE IDEAL ITALIAN TOUR," ETC.



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London: An Intimate Picture

I

THE LURE OF LONDON

TO those of us whose tongue is English, London is the most romantic spot on earth.

I am aware of the sweep of such a generalization. You may love your Italy and warmth and sunlight, and you may look upon Florence, Venice, Sorrento, Monte Carlo, as spots created for bliss terrestrial. It is my own case! You may even know something of what is spoken of as The Call of the East. Gloomy days of fog and rain may thrust before you irresistibly the mirage of gleaming white houses screened by palmetto and orange trees, semi-tropical verdure of a freshness that wrings your very heart with longing for them. Or you may have a taste for the clear, dry air and snows of the North. Yet to me, at all events, nothing is comparable to the romance of London. I have lived there and merely visited, absented myself for years at a time, and still the call of London is stronger than any other call, and ultimately,

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regardless of the initial direction, London is the crowning stage of every European journey, if not its end.

Upon the reasons for that fact a good deal of philosophy has been expended, but mostly in vain. An English writer in the *Daily Mail* sums it up that "we want to be where our friends are, where our interests are, where one can live most vividly and with keenest zest." Patently inapplicable is such a view to the thousands upon thousands of us who are not Londoners or even Englishmen. Our friends are not there, nor any of our material interests. We have no stake in London, and the hotel porter may be our sole acquaintance. Yet so far as concerns the zest, most of us, strangers and aliens though we may be, can undertake to prove our title against many a Londoner. Why?

For a hundred reasons, not one of which will bear close examination, or any rational analysis. There are the fog and the soot, and the rain and the leaden skies, but there is also a certain whimsical, classic, transcendental charm that defies reduction to words. Whistler to a certain extent conveyed it in his etchings, but only to the merest shadow. It may lie in the tortuous streets, or in the quaintness of their names; in the look of Trafalgar Square or in the accent of your cabman; in the gray-black aspect of the Law Courts, the National Gallery, or the Government buildings, that



Thames Embankment and Cleopatra's Needle

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seem to have risen from the sea, dripping still, or possibly in the Embankment Gardens. To one man the attraction lay in going nightly to the pit of a theater, and to another, a teetotaler, in passing his days within the American Bar of the Savoy Hotel!

"At all times," observes Ford Madox Hueffer, "London is calling; it calls in the middle of our work; it calls at odd moments, like the fever of spring that stirs each year in the blood. It seems," he adds, "to offer romantically, not streets paved with gold but streets filled with leisure, streets where we shall saunter, things for the eye to rest on in a gray and glamorous light, books to read, men to be idle with, women to love." One cannot but be dubious upon some of these points, and as to streets paved with gold, we visitors, if anyone, supply the paving material. But there is no manner of doubt as to the call, nor yet the charm, exquisite and indefinable, of the gray and glamorous light.

No visitor, for example, doubts at first sight that the vast Gothic pile of the Law Courts is at least five centuries old, that long before Shakespeare or Dr. Johnson it stood there at the top of the Strand, a guardian of the Fleet Street frontier, somber, massive, dun-colored, a witness to the power and firmness of English justice. Yet the building was only begun in 1874, and occupied some eight years

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later. But the fogs and the rains have made it "gray and glamorous," and with all respect to the Royal Academy, the rains and the fogs are the best artists in England. That, too, is part of London's lure.

Subtly and indescribably thrilling is it to the wayfarer from overseas, or even from the Provinces, to find reminders of Dickens in Fleet Street, a reminiscence of Dr. Johnson at the Cheshire Cheese and the memory of Tennyson hovering over "The Cock," where Will Waterproof wrote his lyrical monologue; where, in the words of even the present head waiter, no longer plump, they still "do you very well," in the matter of a joint or a cut of beef. You may find yourself wandering in darkest Soho, in search of Chianti, or a foreign book, and passing unawares the house in Frith Street where Mozart lodged (No. 51) or where Hazlitt died (No. 6), or you may be looking for a French restaurant in Gerard Street, only to stumble upon an ancient home of the poet Dryden (at 43) or (at 37) of Edmund Burke. Yet, a step away, is Shaftesbury Avenue, a raging, bustling theatrical district, not unlike Broadway, New York, or the Paris Boulevards, where few passers doubtless think upon Hazlitt, remember Dryden, or even the philosopher of the sublime and beautiful.

And not so long ago, while wandering about Campden Hill in quest of quarters for the winter,

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the present writer suddenly espied a tablet gleaming upon a fine old house richly, luxuriously set in a garden of which the gates chanced to be open. A plumber was working leisurely upon some water pipes and an air of delightful summer idleness hung about those silent precincts.

"What does that tablet signify?" I paused to ask the plumber near the gate.

"Eoh," said he, "that's where Lord Macaulay — 'im as was the 'istorian — lived an' died in 1859. This 'ere is 'Olly Lodge!" That also seemed a part of the lure of London.

To the Englishman, of course, the significance of London is multiplied a thousandfold. It is the capital of his country, the center of his creeds, political, religious, social and even economic — in these days when all of us must be economically baptized. The Anti-Socialist Society is spread out in the luxurious rooms in Victoria Street, the Fabian Society rules powerful in Clement's Inn, and even at the National Liberal Club history may be daily made. To the fashionable London is society; to the studious, the British and other museums; to the gay, a music hall; to the rich, a market-place; and to the empty it takes the place of a soul. Those of us who arrive from overseas look perhaps chiefly for glimpses of the old; the Englishman, however, beyond a doubt comes to seek the new, the topmost degree of present day civilization. And that is a notable feature

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of London. Whatever the French may say of Paris, London is certainly the most complete, as well as the largest city of the globe. A disillusionizing residence in Paris has convinced me that I could be quite happy never again to see the modern Athens, as they call it; but it would mean exile to be debarred the rest of life from London.

Comparisons are said to be always odious, but surely it cannot be reprehensible to warn those who look forward to a sojourn in Paris that they are certain to be disappointed; that there is no comfort there, except for the very rich; that there is no longer any courtesy, if ever it has been there; that a society has actually been formed for the purpose of promoting better manners among the constantly coarsening population, and that even every-day honesty is dwindling to the vanishing point. Of London none of these things may be said with justice, and that is why a sojourn in London is so much richer in returns than one in Paris. In short, the lure of Paris is the result largely of a belief in stereotyped phrases, whereas the lure of London is a substantial actuality.

II

THE ATMOSPHERE OF LONDON

TO speak of the "atmosphere" of a place has come to be tantamount to slang, and there are those who will tell you irritably that you can all but eat the atmosphere of London. Putting aside, however, the purely pictorial cities of the world, like Florence or Venice, London is to me the most "atmospheric" of them all. New York is obviously too new for comparison and Paris is too self-conscious in its beauty; as for Berlin, it might have been built by the police! But London is unconscious, and that is a great point in its greatness. The best of London, from the visitor's point of view, may be in an open space, free to all the winds of heaven, or tucked away in a nook that only a cabman can find. For to many of us, if not to all, Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square is no more interesting than, say, the little house at the bottom of Craven Street where Heine lived in 1827, or the Carlyle house in that brief thoroughfare, Cheyne Row, or his statue in Cheyne Walk. There is one pleasant dwelling in St. James's Square (Number 10) that has held as tenants three prime ministers of England — Pitt,

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Lord Derby and Gladstone — to say nothing of Lady Blessington; and so sleepy a region as Onslow Square contains a home of Thackeray. The Lord Mayor is gorgeous at the Mansion House in the heart of the city, whereas the Premier is hidden away in the gloomy little alley that is Downing Street; and the site of Sir Thomas More's garden where that luxurious prince, Henry VIII, often lolled as a guest, is now occupied by a series of model tenements built by the borough of Chelsea! That is London. It is not that these things are more romantic than, let us say, the Isle of St. Louis in Paris, but simply that they mean more to us of Anglo Saxon rearing.

The charm of tradition, however, is far from being the only species of London charm. Whistler, it is said, was the first to discover the "mysterious and fugitive" beauty of the town and, through the fog, saw in every chimney a towering campanile. But it is impossible to think that Whistler was alone in his discovery. On any partially clear day you may walk along the Chelsea Embankment from More's Garden and be not precisely flooded (London beauty is not of the flooding kind), but steadily permeated by a delicate picture composed of elements no more choice than the Thames, a few low-lying barges in mid-stream and a fringe of shadowy trees marking the edge of Battersea Park beyond. The mist from the muddy waters of the river and

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the blue haze clinging about those trees transform the scene into a kind of mirage, captivating to the eye, fascinating to the imagination, an altogether strange and beautiful vision. Yet beyond the park lies nothing more alluring than the drab, Harlem-like region of Battersea — though somewhere under its chimney-pots dwells Mr. John Burns, the Labor member of the Cabinet, dreaming, no doubt, of the next time when he should sleep at Windsor Castle, the guest of his Sovereign. That, too, is London!

It must be owned that this "atmosphere" is a fleeting, nameless thing, and does not vibrate upon all occasions or to all eyes alike. You may wander into the Temple and see nothing but the hurrying lawyers and their clerks, garnishing the gray picture with their monotonous silk hats, or you may perceive a hidden subtle romance incomparable to that of any other spot on earth. I have myself strolled there in both moods. Or, guide-book in hand, you may toil up a narrow stairway to Prince Henry's Room, at 17 Fleet Street, to see a certain Jacobean ceiling and remain to refresh yourself at the Temple tea-rooms on the floor above, an altogether delectable spot, rich in toasted scones and delicious fruit salad, unmentioned in Baedeker, though perhaps as interesting as the ceiling. A number of those same Temple lawyers and sundry journalists gather there of an afternoon, and their talk, which you cannot help overhearing, brings you nearer to

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England than what is left of Temple Bar in the street below. And the other day I was struck by the advertisement of a music hall in the Strand announcing a set of "motion-pictures" depicting Dante's "Inferno." "Beware of Cheap Imitations!" read a sign under the garish arc lights, and to me that was as English as the Tower of London!

But the charm of London is by no means concentrated in Fleet Street, Westminster or Chelsea. Everywhere among the miles upon miles of middle-class streets, quiet, somber, or even forbidding, are scattered bits and corners that attract you like pictures hung upon blank walls. You cannot pass Buckingham Palace without smiling at the commonplace ugliness of it, but you can stand in St. James's Street facing St. James's Palace with its clock, its dark-bright façade, every time you pass it. All of Pall Mall gets its tone from that delightful old front, and its unmistakably English aspect speaks to the tourist as a dozen "Frenchified" Ritz or Carlton Hotels could never do.

The town is filled with anomalies. Go from Piccadilly through Curzon Street toward the square gray palace that is the town house of the Duchess of Marlborough. A little to the south of that street you may stumble upon Shepherd's Market, one of those odd little backwaters in which London abounds. Any evening in the season you may see men in evening dress losing their way and straying

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into this bit of Dickens land enclosed by the most costly houses in Mayfair, standing upon ground priceless per square foot. Footmen, coachmen, butlers, slip away from their grand surroundings to the bar of the Sun tavern, here to unbend and refresh themselves in their own congenial fashion. I have myself lost my way in Shepherd's Market, and the man who directed me, probably a footman, seemed to have a perfect knowledge of every house in Mayfair.

Or, take Edwardes Square in Kensington. It reminds you of the mysterious room you have read about in some ancient house of fiction. Sometimes the room is there and sometimes it has vanished. Edwardes Square has similar properties. I have gone there by a sort of dead reckoning from Earl's Court Road, and at times I have found it, at other times not. It took practice to learn that by passing through a narrow mews you arrived at one end of it. There is also a way from the Kensington High Street. It is beyond a doubt one of the most tranquil spots on earth, and for years I have had in my eye certain little houses there, one of which I mean to acquire before I die. Not even every cabman knows it, and, in any case, to know it and to be certain of arriving there are two quite different matters. There the author of "The Divine Fire" lives in a busy seclusion, and many another artist, to say nothing of Mr. Bonar Law, may be found in those bird haunted precincts. The local

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patriotism is strong, and to be an Edwardes Square is to have an additional dignity, independent of the fact that you may be a great novelist or the leader of the Opposition.

I am far from implying, however, that all of London's charm lies in her streets or in her squares. Certain personalities, as many of us Americans are particularly aware, make what is best in London for us. I for my part think it a pleasant experience, and an exciting, to be on the spot when a new book appears by H. G. Wells, or when Bernard Shaw addresses an audience. Wells, after all, is simultaneously published in America, but not long ago, when I heard G. B. S. speak to a crowded Albert Hall on the need of legislation for a minimum of money in everybody's pocket, I realized one of the high privileges of living in London.

"You may think," he said, with a grave mien and laughing eyes, "that I love the poor, but that is untrue. I hate the poor! That is why I want to do away with them!—" or words to that effect.

And one day you may be hurrying by the Leicester Galleries and perceive the advertisement of an exhibition of caricatures by Max Beerbohm. To anyone with a sense of the comic such an exhibition is an event. The drollery of it, the daring, the good humor, make it unique in the annals of caricature, and all the visitors are laughing and chatting affectionately of "Max." Coffee houses are gone; the

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old eighteenth century London will never return, and the coherency of life, when the phrase of a wit was repeated throughout the city before nightfall, is perished forever. Nevertheless London is the one great city that still retains at least a fragment of such coherency, and though the newspaper has supplanted the coffee house, there is still a wit here and there to brighten the massive, opulent gloom.

III

TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND THE STRAND

TRAFALGAR SQUARE is the most unmistakably English thing in London. You could not imagine it in any other country, though it is worthy of any country on earth. Exalted upon a column a hundred and forty-five feet in height stands the counterfeit presentment (about three times his normal dimensions) of the man who saved England from invasion by Napoleon and indubitable conquest. The uniformly successful careers of a Marlborough or a Wellington seem tame compared with his, and yet he died "plain" Lord Nelson. There is a kind of pathos in his heroism which, combined with his greatness, sets his monument apart from all other monuments. He seems to be gazing out upon the England he has saved, and upon Westminster in particular, saying,

"Build your Dreadnoughts, but don't forget to build your men!"

Looking upon the hurrying throngs at this vast cross-roads which is Trafalgar Square, you cannot help feeling that the days of the Drakes and the

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Nelsons are ended for England and, if you are a lover of England, that fact seems mournful to you. It may be an optical illusion to which foreigners are subject, and certainly, when you think of the vast empire now held by English arms you are inclined to doubt your judgment. But Nelson seems to dwarf the entire nation at present. All appear to be bent upon petty pursuits oblivious alike of Nelson or Trafalgar, of Havelock or Lucknow, of Napier and Gordon, of all in this square. Yet the sailors of old were often taken by press-gangs, whereas to-day there are voluntary Territorials (though not enough). Of course there are still Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. But if you look upon England with fresh eyes you cannot help feeling that she has forgotten her greatness. She needs all manner of artificial stimulants, dramas like "An Englishman's Home" and "Drake" to stir her patriotism, and the stature of her men seems small for so great a race. England may still expect every man to do his duty, but every man does not look as if he were fully able. The new filial zeal of the dominions, coming forward with their gifts of ships, is the first intimation of a rebirth for England, and Trafalgar Square, one would think, should serve England's mothers as the straked rods of the Patriarch Jacob served the dams of Laban's flocks.

The three great hotels extending downward on Northumberland Avenue to the Embankment are

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alone enough to make Trafalgar Square a rallying point for the visitor. Morley's Hotel, the National Gallery and Charing Cross Station are additional magnets. One ought, I suppose, to put in a word concerning St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as beautiful a church as any in London and nearly two centuries old. But say what one will, London is not a city of churches, or, at all events, few people make a habit of visiting churches here in a sight-seeing sense. So, if we mention that Nell Gwynne lies buried and Bacon was christened there, we may feel free to pass on — not however without getting the general impression of a harmony of greyness made up of the Gallery, St. Martin's and some of the surrounding buildings.

The Strand is surely one of the least beautiful thoroughfares in the world, and yet one of the most alluring. To many indeed, the Strand *is* London. Of course, the presence of three great hotels, the Cecil, the Savoy and the Strand Palace, give it a certain character. But the hotels are not the reason. Londoners fondly imagine it to be broad. Even that is a mistake. But a ceaseless throbbing vitality draws the sight-seer and the Londoner, the soldier returned from abroad, the sailor home from the sea, or the provincial re-visiting the glimpses of the electric lights. Baedeker, I believe, very properly calls the Strand the "main artery" of communication between the City and Westminster.



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**Trafalgar Square, looking up St. Martin's Lane, showing
St. Martin's in the Fields and the National Gallery to
the left**

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

It is an artery. And though one can remember nothing beautiful about it, one feels the sense of life here as in few spots of London. Haberdashers, jewelers, taverns, restaurants — of such is the kingdom of the Strand, but the stream of human life that flows down it day and night, day and night, seems to give those shops and eating-houses an importance that few of them possess in reality. Many indeed, are of a tawdriness a little surprising to the tourist, particularly to the American tourist. But behind each of them seems to lie condensed an ancient history like a Platonic "Idea." Mere casual associations seem here to dwindle to unimportance. For instance it seems nothing that Benjamin Franklin lodged at 7 Craven Street, or Peter the Great at 15 Buckingham Street. Such accidents are the commonplaces of every old European city.

But not long ago I chanced to be looking for some account of York Watergate, before which, when you are upon the Embankment, you cannot help pausing. It is a beautiful thing in itself, and a reminder of that hardly conceivable London when the Thames was a highway resembling the Grand Canal in Venice (though faintly), when richly decorated barges swept it, when the servants of fine gentlemen called "oars!" precisely as now they whistle for a taxicab. The gate, at the foot of Buckingham Street, about two minutes from the Strand, now stands perhaps a hundred yards away

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from the river, but once it formed the water steps of York House, and is said to have been built by Inigo Jones. Concerning York House itself I found that a volume, and a very readable one, might easily be written.

Originally given by Queen Mary to the Archbishops of York, in exchange for that other palace that her father, the bluff Henry VIII, had taken from them, it remained for nearly a century their town house, though only one of them, Heath, ever lived there. One wonders whether even Bishops could be superstitious — about making use of anything that came from the hands of a Tudor! The house was let to the Keepers of the Great Seal and Francis Bacon was born there during its occupation by his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, who subsequently died there. Sir Francis himself hoped to die there, so dear was the house to him, and his letter to the University of Cambridge accompanying the *Novum Organon* is dated *Ex Aedibus Eborac, 3 mo. October 1620*. One cannot help speculating, if he wrote Shakespeare's plays, whether it was there by the Thames that he wrote them. A Baconite might easily imagine Will Shakespeare, who must have been discreet as a conspirator, stealing across the Thames from Southwark to transact business with his "angel" and distinguished anonymous playwright. At York House, too, the poor learned Lord Verulam (poor only in a moral sense) was

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finally disgraced and thence the Great Seal was "fetched from" him. Later he craved permission to return to his beloved house for a fortnight, and he was promptly reminded of it when his fortnight was up. He was not allowed to die there, after all.

It was subsequent to Bacon's expulsion that York House was acquired by King James I, the one pedant on a throne that has been remarkably free from anything even remotely resembling pedantry, for George Villiers, his favorite "Steenie," first Duke of Buckingham. Surely no stranger combination has ever existed in history than that pedantic monarch and that gorgeous beloved Duke of his, who rivaled continental kings in magnificence. He built upon the site of York House a new provisional house, not to live in, but "to make use of the rooms for the entertainment of foreign princes." For the sum of a hundred thousand florins he bought from the painter Rubens a collection of gems, antiques and paintings that included 19 Titians, 17 Tintoretto's, 13 pictures by Paul Veronese, 3 by Raphael, 3 by Leonardo da Vinci and 13 by Rubens himself! That was before the days of American competition for such things. At this period, too, the water-gate made its appearance. Less than a mile farther up the river on the same bank, where now are Bouverie and Tudor Streets, was Alsatia, that desperate quarter of the town filled with thieves, cut-throats, ruffians of every description whom the po-

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lice dared not follow there. It offered a criminal securer sanctuary than any church. To-day Lord Northcliffe and others publish their newspapers there. But to return to York House, "Steenie" Villiers did not entertain his princes in it for long. He was assassinated in 1628, and later, after the unpleasantness between Charles I and Parliament, Cromwell gave the house to his own general, Fairfax. Whereupon Buckingham's son, the second Duke, returned from abroad, married the daughter of General Fairfax and once again a Buckingham was owner of York House. Over this ducal son-in-law Cromwell and his general subsequently quarreled. Later the house was occupied by Ambassadors to the Court of St. James, and Pepys, that eloquent gossip, often went to walk in its gardens and to dwell in memory upon the splendors of the first Buckingham. There was nothing splendid about Pepys, but his own love of good living aroused his sympathies for the bygone magnificence of the place. To speak of "its gardens," seems droll to us now, as we look upon the dreary back of Charing Cross Station; upon those narrow thoroughfares: Villiers, George, Duke and Buckingham Streets! The truth is, the Duke sold the property for £30,000 to a company in 1672, who cut it up into those very streets, and the watergate alone, deserted, with a locked iron door, a stranded, useless thing, stands as a witness to the vanished glory. Even the association

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

of Evelyn and Steele with Villiers Street is forgotten. Numerous, preoccupied, hurrying clerks and shop-girls move up and down that street between the Charing Cross Underground station and the Strand. For them York House, the Duke or Pepys might never have existed.

Despite the lure of the Strand, it is always pleasant to avoid a piece of it, by going from Buckingham Street by way of John Street to Adelphi Terrace. That Terrace, built by four Scotch architects and brothers (hence Adelphi), Robert, John, James and William Adam, who have given this little ganglion of streets their names, is another of those anomalous spots that gives London charm. Though only a few yards from the Strand of a thousand 'busses, it is quiet as a church on week days, and the row of houses on the Terrace proper overlooking the river, dates without exception to the latter half of the eighteenth century. On the way up John Street, however, one must not forget the Little Theater, where dramatic history has been and is being made. Who that has seen Miss Lillah McCarthy, the clever and beautiful wife of Granville Barker, in "Fanny's First Play," will ever forget the experience? The drollest, most trenchant, wittiest of plays, by the drollest, most mordant of twentieth century playwrights, who can smite the shrewd conventional middle-class Briton, and have him join in the laugh. The piece was produced anonymously, but the name

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of Bernard Shaw was writ so large upon every line of it, and drew nightly such eager audiences that it was deemed best to leave it "anonymous" even to this moment. Later another Shaw play was filling the Little Theater—"Captain Brassbound's Conversion," absurd as a Lewis Carroll nonsense tale and quite as amusing. And to think that once upon a time what is now the Little Theater was occupied by nothing more important than Coutts's Bank!

From the top of John Street, turning a step to the right, past the Adelphi Hotel, you find yourself on the Terrace proper, and if you have not already forgotten the Strand, you now forget it completely. You see at No. 4, which looks not a particle less black than No. 3, or number 5, a tablet commemorating the occupancy of the premises by one David Garrick, deceased in 1779. That intelligence shocks you strangely. So absolutely certain are you that the Terrace is unchanged that even the death of Sir Henry Irving must seem a remoter event than that of Garrick. You cannot but be startled at the thought that here he trod, in and out of this doorway, as though it might have been yesterday. A milk-boy was nevertheless delivering milk when last I saw it, and a coal-heaver was bending under the burden of his grimy sacks in total unconcern. I alone was taking any notice of the tablet, and even I hurried on, lest the others should mark me for a fool.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

At Nos. 6 and 7 is the home of the Savage Club which, as any Savage will tell you, is unique among clubs. Just as, in Goethe's language, the blood is quite a special juice, so the Savage is quite a special club. The king belongs to it! Of course that does not mean that he haunts it nightly at five to drink cocktails with the journalists and actors who are its members, but he has been there, when he was Prince of Wales, even as every President visits the Gridiron at Washington. Certain it is that the Savages have entertained at their Saturday night dinners everybody who is anybody for many years past, and whatever talent a member may possess he must and does offer up eagerly for the pleasure of the members assembled. The actor recites, the singer warbles, the cartoonist draws his best caricature on the blackboard of the smoke-laden dining-room, and only witty people like Mr. Griffiths, the American Consul-General, are allowed to make speeches there. Otherwise, the Club is free from speeches, hence the great popularity of its house-dinners.

A few doors beyond the Savage (I will not say how many) dwells Bernard Shaw himself on this very Terrace in one of those black houses, illumined by perpetual lightning flashes.

In one minute you may be back in the Strand, a prey to all the taxicabs in London, excepting those that are in Piccadilly. You pass the two vast

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hotels, the Cecil and Savoy, that hold half America in their bosoms and you may wander down the sloping Savoy Street to see the little chapel of the same name, all that is left of the ancient Savoy Palace, where John of Gaunt once lived and where Chaucer was probably married. It is useless to reconstruct here a palace built in 1245, of which not a stone is standing to-day, but the Savoy Mansions upon the site, frequently the home of actresses and artists (as well as others) would doubtless please John O' Gaunt on that account. For he was no ascetic, despite his name, and another of his pleasant retreats is now occupied by Sir Gilbert Parker at Homestall.

The little chapel is truly beautiful. You have to enter it through a tiny graveyard, and the main door is now many feet below the surface, but within, if you have a taste for such things, is an atmosphere that only great age can give a church. That the taste for such things is rare now-a-days is proven by the fact that you will probably be alone in the building, and as no one would turn on lights for a mere every-day visitor, you will feel rather than see the beauty of it. George Wither, a seventeenth-century poet, lies buried there, and it seems exactly the place for a poet's tomb. A fine memorial window to D'Oyly Carte recalls artists of a later vintage.

Covent Garden is not improbably associated in the American mind entirely with opera, exactly as the Haymarket is with theaters. But although there is



Waterloo Bridge, showing entrance to Subway for trolley cars to Aldwych

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no hay in the haymarket, Covent Garden actually holds the produce of the world in respect of vegetables and greens, only you cannot buy them there. Zola, who had a taste for themes like *Le Ventre de Paris*, would probably have embodied this wholesale market, had he lived in London, in a thrilling novel entitled "The Vegetarian Stomach of London." Shop-keepers, greengrocers from all over London, picturesque costers with their inimitable carts and toy donkeys, speaking a language peculiar to themselves, traffic here daily in a world, a climate even of their own, all within a minute's walk of the crusader sculptured on the outer court of the Savoy Hotel! Hucksters, porters, shopmen and market women jostle one another busily and good-humoredly, faces brownish-red with exposure emit strange sounds, the smell of fresh vegetables and decaying ones, rises to heaven, and yet this *is* the place of the fashionable opera, where Caruso sings and Melba; where the King may listen to them and where the richest of South African and American millionaires nightly appear in the season among those ever present!

And, another oddity: the surrounding streets reek of literary atmosphere and reminiscence. Thus, Southampton Street holds the offices of a variety of periodicals; King Street contains that wit among journals, the *Saturday Review*, and Henrietta Street teems with publishing houses, on the the-

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ory, I suppose, that it is dangerous for letters to be too far removed from the food supply. King Street, too, was the first home of the Garrick Club established there in 1834 before moving (in 1862) to its present home in Garrick Street. Thackeray joined the club in '33 and became at once a leading spirit in the club. Quaintly enough, this club of actors and men of letters owns its own oyster-bed — an achievement beyond the reach of many a wealthier club. Fielding, the father of the English novel (as Richardson was its mother), once edited a *Covent Garden Journal* and later presided as magistrate in the Bow Street police-court. In St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden (another of Inigo Jones's) were married the father and mother of the painter Turner and in Maiden Lane near by he was born in 1775. In the church lie buried the author of "Hudibras," Sir Peter Lely, and William Wycherly. On the other side of the market at the northeast corner of Bow and Russell Streets, stood Will's Coffee-house, that was to the last quarter of the seventeenth century literature what the Mermaid Tavern was to Shakespeare's day, and Charles and Mary Lamb lodged at 20 Russell Street in 1817.

It is impossible to pass Will's over with a mere word. Dryden had his winter chair there by the fire and his summer chair out upon the balcony, and all the clever young men gathered about that chair to catch the sparks from his flame. Everyone made

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fun of the seriousness with which Will's took itself and its literary judgments, yet everyone was glad enough of approval. An old rhyme saith:

To Will's I went, where Beau and Wit
In mutual contemplation sit;
But which were Wits and which were Beaus,
The Devil sure's in him who knows.
To make amends there, I saw Dryden.

A Day's Ramble in Covent Garden, 1691.

After Dryden's death, Addison carried the wits away in his train to Button's, across the way in Russell Street. Button had been an old servant of Addison, and Mr. Spectator loyally proceeded to make his fortune.

But the fruit dealers and costers who swarm in the market of a Saturday morning, or, indeed, any morning, have not even an inkling of Dryden or Addison, nor yet of Will's or Button's. They think doubtless, if they think at all, that it has always been a fruit and vegetable market since London began. Yet Covent Garden was originally written Convent Garden, and was in very truth the garden of the convent attached to the Abbey of Westminster. And it was only in 1631 that the square was formed (from designs by Inigo Jones) at the expense of the Earl of Bedford, who lived where is now Bedford Street, and in 1656 that a few stalls against the Earl's wall commenced the market that now fills

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the square. The theater was not built until 1733 and the present opera house on the site, not until 1858.

The Bow Street police-court is another feature among Covent Garden institutions. Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones" was perhaps the greatest of the magistrates who have sat here, and Hazlitt records seeing the son of the novelist, in his own turn a justice, sunning himself in St. James's Park after a day on the bench in Bow Street. No play on the London stage to-day (including even the non-professional stage) is comparable to the drama that unrolls itself daily in the Bow Street court. I have sat there for days spell-bound, fascinated, listening to the cases, as they moved into the field of vision like slides under a microscope. No visitor to London, it would seem to me, could do better than to spend half a day in Bow Street. It presents the most intimate of all the London pictures. Before you have seen it, the teeming population of the town, what with its strange customs and novel intonations, is a race of aliens. But see a portion of it for a morning or two reviewed by Mr. Curtis Bennett, or Mr. Marsham,* and the deep unconscious solidarity of the human race with its cognate weakness and kinship in misfortune, comes home to you like a wise maxim, and you are veritably presented with the freedom of the city. The police court is the best observatory

* Deceased since this was written.

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for what little remains of the London of Dickens. All these magistrates, Bennett, Marsham, Plowden and the rest are experts long practiced in adjudging human frailty, and to a packed courtroom they can give the intimacy of a family council. A London editor once asked the writer for an article upon the cruelty and abuse of power by these metropolitan police magistrates.

I visited them all from Bow Street to Lambeth, from Marylebone to the Mansion House, and instead of burying Cæsar could only praise him. But praise is not of universal interest, and the article was never written.

Bow Street leads into Wellington Street and in Wellington Street is the Lyceum Theater, so long associated with the name of Henry Irving. To-day it is given over to melodrama, as is Drury Lane, a street or two away. Having never been inside either house, I can say nothing about them.

Somerset House, one of those great gray, sea-bathed palaces distinctive of London, presents its western façade to Wellington Street and to the traffic rolling across the Waterloo Bridge. There is nothing romantic concerning the present structure, excepting the wills and other public documents, every one of which, no doubt, possesses its own romance. It was erected in 1786 as a government office building and to-day it swarms with government clerks and solicitors' clerks absorbed in probate,

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legacy duties, inland revenue, and so on. But once upon a time when it was really Somerset House, the one begun in 1549, in Edward the Sixth's reign, by the Protector Somerset, who was subsequently beheaded in the Tower, both Tudor and Stuart sovereigns used it as a residence. James I and both the Charleses gave it as a home to their respective consorts, and Queen Elizabeth one day listened to an alchemist there who promised to transmute for her base metals into gold. Cornelius Noye was his name, and the account says that "he abused many."

Crossing Wellington Street, however, I cannot pretend that it is the Strand side of Somerset House and King's College that most interests me. Baedeker gives the exact measurements of the court and the name of the sculptor who made the statue of George III. But a certain bookseller's shop in the neighborhood is sure to attract your eye more swiftly than the other scenery, and if you come not away with a depleted purse, you are luckier than the present writer.

The Gaiety Theater, suggesting young peeresses and flowing champagne, is across the way, standing between the Strand and Aldwych on a kind of sacred soil. Two or three peers have actually, in recent years, chosen their brides from the Gaiety chorus, but one may imagine a reception at Devonshire House even now as still more representative than this theater of British aristocracy. A Gaiety restau-

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rant that was here, filled with red silken lamp-shades and very good food, failed to pay, and to-day it is already forgotten in the Marconi Wireless Offices that occupy the premises.

The breadth of the Strand, the openness of the Crescent of Aldwych and the sweep of the new Kingsway running into Holborn, give this region a spaciousness that seems strangely modern for London. In the Kingsway stand at least two great buildings erected by Americans—the Kodak Company's premises and Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's late opera house; in Aldwych stands the Waldorf Hotel, which also has a familiar sound to American ears. It is only recently that all these things have come into being. A few years ago this was a crowded quarter and in the space that has gone to broaden the Strand, was Holywell Street, a famous thoroughfare given up to book shops trafficking mostly in books,—some unmentionable in polite society. That trade is now dispersed and nothing remains of Holywell Street but the room it occupied. Modernity is at work even in London, and before long not a stone will stand in Airley.

The two churches that stand at this point of the Strand, seemingly almost alike in appearance, are a phase of that unexpectedness that characterizes London. One of them you would imagine were enough, but although St. Clement Danes was already in existence (built in 1681), St. Mary le

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Strand was erected in front of it (by Gibbs) in 1717. One reason for that was that anciently, so far back as 1147, a church was already standing on the spot, and no less a divine than Thomas à Becket was its rector. But Somerset, the Protector, had pulled it down to make room for the house that even now bears his name and, subsequently the Strand Maypole was erected here in 1661, after General Monk had succeeded in putting the Stuarts back on the throne, and joy was, so to speak, unrefined. With the coming of the first George of Hanover, St. Mary le Strand was incontinently rebuilt.

Close behind is St. Clement Danes. Both churches stand full in the middle of the road, but one imagines them on a kind of oval, due to the omnibuses curving round them to the left on the way to Fleet Street and to the right on the return journey. St. Clement Danes is still somewhat of a fashionable church, though one hardly knows why. It was built by Christopher Wren, and Dr. Johnson was one of her pew-holders, but essentially it differs little from St. Mary's, a hundred yards distant. Both are gray-white and both have the aspect subtly typical of London churches. You simply could not imagine them elsewhere. Yet every now and again you read of a fashionable wedding in St. Clement Danes, but in St. Mary le Strand, I have never seen anyone on week days except charwomen at



St. Clement Danes Church. Erected by Sir Christopher
Wren

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work. A tablet to Dr. Johnson in St. Clement's records various of his virtues, and among those buried there are Thomas Otway, Joe Miller and, so it is said, Harold Harefoot, sprung from the loins of King Canute. To the west of the church is a statue of Gladstone by Hamo Thornycroft and to the east one of Johnson by Percy Fitzgerald.

Clement's Inn, on the left of St. Mary le Strand, is merely a vast new building of offices and "residential chambers," and were Master Shallow or Falstaff to revisit it now they would hardly recognize in the present structure the St. Clement's Inn of their roistering days. The Women's Social and Political Union has its offices here, and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence their rooms. Justice Shallow would very justly be surprised. As for Shadaw, Mouldy, Wart and Feeble, those redoubtable recruits that Shallow offered to Falstaff against the wars, the Fabian Society, now housed in the self-same Inn, has taught them Socialism and made them men. Mr. Bernard Shaw's voice rises ever like a fountain on their behalf, and nothing can stay their regeneration.

A number of streets, Surrey, Norfolk, Arundel and Essex run down to the south of the Strand and all of them, in their names, commemorate houses of noblemen that once stood on their sites. They have, too, a variety of literary associations. But for the most part, they are now filled with buildings of

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offices and have nothing alluring to exhibit. Essex Street, however, not being open to wheeled traffic, still preserves an eighteenth-century atmosphere. Two or three publishers have their offices here and the Essex Head is the sole flagrant representative of modernity. But even the Essex Head stands on the spot of "Sam's," an evening club founded by Dr. Johnson, where the fine for non-appearance was two pence. "Sam," like Button, was a former servant of his chief patron. Of course, even beyond that Essex Street, like most London streets, has a history, if one had the space to trace it out. When the Earl of Essex was Queen Elizabeth's favorite he lived at Essex House, which before that had been called Leicester House, when Leicester had lived there. Queen Bess, however, was a dangerous lady-love to have. When Essex fell out of her graces, he fell, so to speak, into jail. He resisted arrest (February, 1601) and Her Majesty had some artillery drawn up in front of his house. That argument proved irresistible and his lordship gave himself up and was lodged in the Tower.

The day before these words were written I looked into Essex Street. Darkness was already falling and lights were blinking here and there and making bright the windows of the Essex Head. A boy of ten was endeavoring to control a huge barrel organ down the sloping street, and finally brought it to a triumphant pause before the illumined windows.

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His sister, a girl of perhaps fourteen, began to sing in a sweet childish treble to the tune of the organ, and the mother of the two children stood mournfully looking on. Elizabeth, her favorite, her cannon, were not half so real as this little English family of poor people grinding tunes out of the organ.

IV

A WALK IN PALL MALL AND PICCADILLY

I.

THE natural way would doubtless be to continue from the Strand into Fleet Street and then on into the heart of the "City." But to the visitor the name of Piccadilly, though by no means so rich in literary association as Fleet Street, is second in importance only to the Strand — though perhaps I am reversing the order. The two together make the visitor's London, and many an otherwise unimpeachable tourist has probably never stirred much beyond those two thoroughfares, unless you count Pall Mall. And though Pall Mall must be counted, I cannot pretend enthusiasm regarding it. Were it not for St. James's Palace, it would be positively gloomy. About Pall Mall the most remarkable thing is its name. It seems a rather silly name (derived from *paille maille*, a game resembling croquet) and yet it is associated in one's mind with grandeur. Thackeray is responsible for that, not a doubt. He always expected a scribbler

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to leave a duke's arm in Pall Mall to come and speak to a fellow scribbler, and ironically noted the frequency of the occurrence. That tradition of grandeur, however, is slowly perishing in Pall Mall, and to-day you can distinguish neither scribbler nor duke, for both are members of the new Royal Automobile Club. But the odds are that the author will take a taxi and the duke will walk; so you may be able to tell in that way.

Nevertheless, Thackeray had reason for his implication. For if such tenants as Charles II, Nell Gwynne, and Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, will not make a street grand, who will? And to-day it is still filled with palaces — Marlborough House, the Automobile Club, the Carlton, Reform, Athenæum Clubs — palaces every one of them. But of Marlborough House you see very little in Pall Mall, and clubs, though the word has come to denote sociability, give the street its chill effect of isolation.

Much sentimentality and rhapsodizing have been indulged in concerning clubs. London is the home of them, and Pall Mall and St. James's Street, at right angles, form together the home within the home of the club. A club, we are accustomed to think, is a kind of paradise, more than a home, a men's heaven, and so on. But we know very well now that neither the best nor the wisest of mankind spend the bulk of their time in clubs. The idle, well-

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dressed males you see in the windows do not impress you as the leaders of the nation, and particularly pitiful must be the case of the man who relies upon club society for his mental diversion. In few places can one be so lonely as in one of these phalansteries, and now and then you hear legends of a rule of silence. Vain legend and futile rule! You have but to pass along the fronts of these Pall Mall temples, and all desire for speech is hushed within you. Upon the broad, thickly carpeted staircase of one of them, it suddenly struck me on a certain evening, what a noble thing it would be to shout! I suppose the roof would have fallen. But I lacked the courage, and the members present were saved. Of course, there are clubs and clubs. But those in Pall Mall are mostly of the first order, hoary with tradition, the Guards' Club (Number 70) dating back to 1813 and the Travellers' (Number 106) to 1819.

The Carlton and the Junior Carlton (Numbers 94 and 30, respectively) are the very sanctuaries of conservatism, and one expects an atmosphere of silence about them. There is a theory that conservative programmes are generally organized at the Carlton and that liberalism is equally active at the Reform Club (102). Perhaps that accounts for the dense air of mystery overhanging these clubs, politicians being notoriously secretive, and seldom saying anything. The Marlborough Club, at 52, of

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which the Prince of Wales is a member, as well as the Army and Navy (36) and the United Service (116) are other conservative strongholds, though, of course, there is no political creed subscribed to. The Greek frieze round the walls of the Athenæum (107) speaks for itself, stamping the club as a haunt of learning. Nearly every bishop is said to be a member of it, but it is by no means confined to bishops. Nevertheless Theodore Hook was wont to order his brandy there by the name of tea so as not to shock the divines, and Thackeray, who was constantly given to making fun of clubs and their members, passed every afternoon of the last week of his life within the walls of the Reform Club.

Compared to these, the Royal Automobile Club (86) is a mere parvenu, as its name would imply. Yet, as its name would also imply, it is the most luxurious of them all. Members of the others, no doubt, look askance upon the Persian pomp of this, the greatest (largest) club in the world — so called by members who have not seen certain of the clubs in New York and Chicago. And it certainly is a vast structure, not unlike a great American hotel, possessing all things that an automobilist could want, even to a Turkish bath. It puts into the shade everything on either side of it, including Marlborough House and St. James's Palace.

Time was, when Nell Gwynne, who lived at Number 79, could converse across the garden wall with

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her amiable patron, Charles II; and later the Duchess of Marlborough spoke of her "neighbor George" at the palace, whom she quite overshadowed, and my lord Duke of Marlborough, grown avaricious and imbecile in his old age, used to totter home alone rather than spend sixpence for a sedan chair. That was dangerous, for Pall Mall was then a kind of citified country lane. A thief, who snatched a silver tankard from the window of Dr. Sydenham, was lost "among the bushes in Bond Street," and even in Walpole's day a mail coach was robbed there at eight o'clock one evening. Now you might as well look for the Golden Fleece at the Guards' Club or for Homer at the Athenæum as for bushes in Bond Street or in Pall Mall. For a long time, however, Pall Mall continued "shady" (I mean with trees), and Astley, the painter, who acquired Nos. 81 and 82 about 1760, built him a studio on the roof and called it his country house. In the west wing of this house Gainsborough died in 1788, and there is a story that he sent for Joshua Reynolds, and, upon his arrival, exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyke is of our number!" and expired immediately after this announcement.

Dodsley, the publisher of "Tristram Shandy," had a shop in Pall Mall ("Tully's Head"), though there is uncertainty about the number. In any case, Pope and Burke and Chesterfield were among



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Piccadilly Circus

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his patrons, and Johnson, Garrick and Goldsmith met there one winter evening in 1749 to discuss *The Rambler*, a new publication. Among other literary associations of Pall Mall are Lockhart's house, number 25, where Sir Walter Scott visited him in 1826-27.

Marlborough House was built by Christopher Wren no earlier than 1710, but St. James's has been in existence "from time immemorial." That phrase means one thing in Rome or Jerusalem, and quite another in London. In any case, St. James's had long been a hospital for "leprous virgins," of all things, when Henry VIII saw and coveted the site for a palace, which he promptly ordered built, and there he dwelt for a brief space with Anne Boleyn.

In 1817 Marlborough House was bought by the Crown and of late has been the official residence of the Prince of Wales, though at the moment it is the home of the Dowager Queen Alexandra. St. James's Palace is no longer the residence of the King, though now and then a levee is still held there. It is chiefly tenanted by court officials, and to passers its ceremony of guard-mounting affords a daily spectacle.

II.

St. James's Street is a brighter thoroughfare than Pall Mall, but it too is under the dominance of clubs. With the exception of a few in Piccadilly,

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the clubs that are not in Pall Mall are in St. James's. In the eighteenth century there was here a coffee-house of the same name more lively than a dozen modern clubs, and Addison gives a vivid description of it in "The Spectator." The fate of nations was daily disposed of by the talkative gentlemen over their coffee, before the days when a disturbing, painful silence was the best of good form. There was also a Thatched House Tavern, dating, perhaps, to the days when the leper hospital was yet untouched. Later, however, Tudor maids of honor ran across from the palace to the tavern on private business of their own, and in the seventeen-hundreds, Johnson, Swift and other wits gathered here for various purposes of sociability. But the clubs have done away with all that, though some of them extend far into the eighteenth century themselves.

White's (No. 37), the one with the bow window long familiar to readers of fiction, is said to have records perfect from the year 1736. And Crockford's, at No. 50, where now stands the Devonshire Club (totally harmless) was even too well known. Many a man lost all he possessed at its gaming tables. At Brooks's (No. 60) Fox would spend night after night with Wilkes, Fitzpatrick, Sheridan and other boon companions drinking and playing heavily, and in the morning he would refresh his mind somewhere among the trees with a pocket Horace. Gibbon, the fat historian of Rome, was

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also a member here, and at No. 74, where now stands the Conservative Club, he ultimately died (January 16, 1794). And the Marquis of Steyne, it will be recalled, was said to have won his marquise from Fox at the gaming table. Though associated with the names of the nation's great, these clubs are not necessarily connected with its greatness. There are others of these monasteries in the street, some more colorless, some less, but I for one cannot grow sentimental about them.

St. James's Place, running off (though not very far) to the left as you face Piccadilly, is a little aristocratic backwater not without literary associations. It was at No. 22 that Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, gave his famous literary breakfasts for so many years, owing to a combination of gifts which enabled him to afford both the poetry and the breakfasts; and Byron once lived there, though it was at No. 8 St. James's Street that he "woke up to find himself famous." And I suppose one ought at least to mention Cleveland Row and Stafford House, the Duke of Sutherland's great cream-colored town house (now sold), perhaps the finest residence in London. Queen Victoria once remarked to the Duchess, whom she was honoring with her presence:

"I come from my house to your palace"—a royal prerogative of speech, no doubt, for Buckingham Palace does not look like a house.

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Baedeker, I see, calls all the clubs in Pall Mall "palatial," and they are palatial. But except for the frieze of the Athenæum or the more showy Renaissance style of the Automobile, you can barely remember the appearance of any of them once you have turned away from it. The truth is, the "palatial" style does not show off well in London. For Italian palaces you need an Italian sun; London requires heavier forms of architecture, such as the Law Courts or St. Paul's Cathedral.

Opposite St. James's Place is King Street, leading to St. James's Square, one of the most decorous of all the London squares. At the time of the late King Edward's funeral, I remember seeing royal carriages, with the scarlet royal livery of the coachmen, moving about its rectangular street, and guards were patrolling in front of certain of the houses as though the square were an adjunct of the Palace—which indeed it was. Certain royal guests were lodged there, and ever since it came into being, in the seventeenth century, it has been a "nest of nobles." The Duke of Norfolk still has his town house there (at No. 31) and George III was born there (also at No. 31, though not in the present house). Lord Castlereagh lived at No. 18, and the Chesterfield of the Letters was born next door, at London House, now the unoccupied home of the Bishops of London. Of No. 10, where Pitt, Derby and Gladstone had lived, I have already

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spoken. Every house there has a history, if one had the space to trace it out, and so has every one of the little streets in the neighborhood.

King Street itself has Christie's, that famous auction-room of great pictures, great furniture, plate, and all the things I shall never buy, and in Bury Street once lodged Swift, Steele, Moore and Crabbe. Burke had rooms at 67 Duke Street, and who that has seen an English play or read English novels has not been admitted to bachelor chambers in Jermyn Street? The fictitious bachelor population of that rather shabby thoroughfare must number in the tens of thousands. Sir Isaac Newton, that truly useful celibate, actually did lodge there, and so did Marlborough. It still has one or two comfortable hotels.

It is necessary, I suppose, to glance at Carlton House Terrace, not for any present distinction, but for the sake of that sainted monarch, George IV, who dwelt here at Carlton House during the Regency. That house is now perished from the map, and the portico of pillars in front of it, that supported nothing, as now, some of them, said to be serving a useful purpose at the National Gallery. There was a rhyme current about these columns:

“Dear little columns, all in a row
What do you do there?
Indeed, we don't know.”

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Waterloo Place, with its monument to officers and soldiers of the Crimean War, fills the space of Carlton House and that monument is one of the most impressive in London. Someone has made the discovery that though London squares often increase rents, London statues do not diminish them — and that is surprising. One would expect a discount of ten per cent. for facing, say, the statue of George III in Pall Mall, and perhaps the White Star Company, whose offices are opposite, profits thereby, though I have not seen its lease. It was at Carlton House that Mr. Brummel saw so much of his “fat friend,” George IV, and from Carlton House that the Beau was finally sent home drunk by the Prince, who never forgave the idle word; and at Carlton House it was that the Regent gave parties for his wife’s ladies-in-waiting to which she herself was not invited. In short, the First Gentleman in Europe knew the royal road to fame, and Carlton House Terrace saw his “palmiest” days. To-day a few millionaires live there in splendid isolation, and Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Waldorf Astor opposite even contrive to practice literature there in their garrets.

III.

By way of the Haymarket we may now go to Piccadilly Circus and proceed onward to Apsley House and the Pillars of Hercules. But the Hay-

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market itself is by no means to be despised. The Carlton Hotel has now brought the magnificence of Carlton House and the Regent within reach of all of us, and its palm-room and dining rooms, doubtless exceed the Regent's splendor. His Majesty's Theater adjoining, now managed by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, was opened for business in 1705 with Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve as its first managers, so that its history is not a thing of yesterday. And the Haymarket Theater across the way is little less venerable, since it was opened in 1720, and Henry Fielding, the novelist, managed a company there which he humorously called "the Great Mogul's Troupe, recently dropped from the clouds." Addison, the great Addison, once lived in the Haymarket and there wrote a sad long poem called "The Campaign." Yet, until 1830, the Haymarket was legally a place set aside for the hay trade!

The name of Piccadilly is so striking that people have endeavored to establish accurately its origin. The hem about the skirt of a garment was called a "pickadil," and guesses have been made as to the application. Piccadilly Hall, a resort of gambling and entertainment in the seventeenth century, stood at the northeast corner of the Haymarket, and the first mention of the name is in a will dated April 14, 1623. The original Piccadilly ran no further than from the Haymarket to Sack-

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ville Street. From Sackville to Albemarle it was called Portugal Street in honor of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's neglected queen. Beyond Albemarle Street it was simply a road. As late as 1711 the town of London extended no farther west than Devonshire House; New Bond Street was still an open field, and Oxford Street was a wild bit of road infested by cut-throats! But by 1791 Piccadilly was already a crowded thoroughfare resembling its present descendant, for that year Horace Walpole writes: "I have twice been going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, thinking there was a mob, and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering." Nymphs there are sauntering still, often regrettably late at night, unescorted by any swains. It has become chiefly, almost wholly, a street of shops, and Devonshire House may be said to be its first private residence.

Piccadilly is one of the romantic streets of the world, and Piccadilly Circus is, I believe, one of the spots where if you stand long enough you may meet everyone you ever knew. I have never stood there long enough, for it prompts anything but idleness; but again and again, of an evening, as I turned down Coventry Street toward Leicester Square I have thought myself in Broadway. The electric light is an impersonal thing, but it would seem that only the Anglo-Saxon races use it lavishly for advertising purposes. The illuminated signs of this region and

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of Broadway in New York, seem to stamp the two nations as kindred in blood.

Walking eastward from the Circus you come into Leicester Square and the region of the music-halls that I cannot recommend. They are good variety theaters, but I have always objected to spending long hours in the smoke of other people to the detriment of eyes and temper. I know I could do without music-halls on a desert island.

Westward, in Piccadilly proper, there are only shops and shops and more shops. Of landmarks there are none, unless you count No. 23, where once (in 1805) resided Lady Hamilton, so dear to Lord Nelson. Hardship and want came upon her after the hero's death, and all that was respectable, as is the way of rigid respectability, shrank away from her, so that in 1813 we find her in prison for debt. A certain Alderman, Joshua Jonathan Smith, had her released and she fled to Calais, where she died in great poverty. Where once stood St. James's Hall, is now the new Piccadilly Hotel, and St. James's Church is the one reminder that Piccadilly was not always as to-day. Christopher Wren regarded this as one of his best churches, and it is indeed very handsome. It was consecrated July 13, 1684, and there it stands defying commerce, a tranquil spot in the whirl of traffic. The hurry of Piccadilly is almost as the hurry of Broadway, and hardly an eye turns to the little old church. It has a font and

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other work by the wood-sculptor Grinling Gibbons, and under its floor lie buried such leisurely, peaceful people as Cotton, friend of Izaak Walton, the Compleat Angler, Van der Velde, the painter, Dr. Arbuthnot the wit, or the friend of wits, to say nothing of Dodsley, the book-seller.

Farther, on the opposite side of the street, is the Albany, where young men of taste and fashion lodged about a century ago. Lewis, the now forgotten celebrity, author of "The Monk," occupied No 1^A. Canning, Byron, Lytton, Macaulay, Disraeli, all passed through this monastery on their pilgrimage, and even Gladstone was for a time a resident. Outwardly the Albany, set back from the street, is to-day much as it was a hundred years ago, still very trim and distinguished.

Of Burlington House, near by, much might be written — even prior to its becoming the home of the Royal Academy. When Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, built it, in 1718, he virtually startled the town, and Pope rhymed about the house and Swift dined there. To-day it is the home of the Royal Society and other learned bodies whose quarters are provided free by the Government since its purchase of the house in 1854. And, of course, there is the Royal Academy, with its monstrous summer exhibition of four thousand pictures which it is customary in England to laugh at. But rather are those acres of painted canvas a cause for tears,

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when one reflects how rare is merit under the sun. But it must not be supposed that no good things ever find their way to the Royal Academy. Every winter there is a loan exhibition of old masters that is truly a delight, and every year the Royal Academy has a dinner, at which the Prime Minister may be present, and some very complimentary remarks are exchanged between the Academicians and the Premier. So that altogether there is much cheerfulness and good feeling; and if any reader should find himself unhappy here among the fresh paintings in June or July, let him think of these other consoling facts. Moreover, the Diploma Gallery, where hang the pictures that make painters into Academicians, contains a cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci that is alone worth coming for. It represents the Madonna and Child, St. Anne and St. John, originally painted for the Church Dell' Annunziata of Florence. There are one or two other good things here, not to mention the sitters' chair that once belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Behind the Royal Academy, in Burlington Gardens, is a building that now belongs to the Civil Service Commission, and every time I pass it I shudder. Evidently examinations are conducted there, for young men with sternly set faces and pre-occupied, tortured expression, are repeating over to themselves the knowledge that these examinations demand. Every government clerk in England, I

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suppose, can parse *Æschylus* and repeat the names of the Egyptian Kings, to say nothing of more fantastic knowledge. Only the morning when this is being written a newspaper prints a set of questions recently set to English schoolboys:—"Why is the Red Sea red?" "Why does a bad egg smell?" "Why does a kettle sing?" "What causes echo?" "Where does the wind go to?" "Why does water freeze on the surface?" "Why does hot water crack a thick tumbler?" "Why is red light used in photography?" "What causes fog?" All this is one question, and I have omitted a part of it. That is the sort of thing those young men in Burlington Gardens are thinking about, and you cannot but sympathize with them.

Savile Row, into which you may turn, is filled with tailoring establishments, and is a wholly insignificant passage-way, yet Grote, the historian, lived and died (1871) at No. 12; at No. 14 lived Sheridan and at No. 17 he died in penury — poor "Sherry," the wit whom every contemporary courted, who had had "the world at his feet"—when under his feet was the place for it!

And now we have strayed from Piccadilly, so that to come back we must pass either through Bond Street, which is to court disaster, or through Burlington Arcade, which is almost as imprudent. Yet I hardly know why I say that, since I have never bought in Bond Street anything but cigarettes, and

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the only house I looked at was No. 41, where the poor Prebendary, Laurence Sterne, died in 1768. But the jewelers' shop windows bloom there so luxuriously, that it is customary to gloat over them and speak of them as dearly perilous to the coveting eye. But to many of us, the monasteries of Thibet are not safer than those windows, and one sign of human progress is the increasing indifference to what certain lady writers describe as "costly baubles."

Burlington Arcade is really the more dangerous of the two. The covered passage casts a feeling of intimacy about the little shop windows filled with wearing apparel that makes them less resistible, and I am ever desiring to buy another green ash cane there. But even that longing has its limits.

Pressing on to westward (for, Mr. Lucas notwithstanding, one no longer wanders in London), we cross Albemarle Street, and turn on the left into Arlington Street beside the Ritz Hotel. At No. 9 is a blue tablet commemorating the occupancy of Charles James Fox, who seems to have had a passion for moving, as he had for gambling or for statesmanship. He lived everywhere in this region, and where he didn't live he visited. The street was once the site of another great mansion, Goring House, but that was razed and the name of its owner remains in the street. Horace Walpole and his pet aversion, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were both

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residents here at one time. Now you merely see one or two superior lodging houses (the very essence of the London lodging house is its "superiority" over all others), a few taxicabs, and the cabmen thereof.

Passing by the Ritz on the one hand and the Berkeley Hotel nearly facing it on the other, we are actually in front of Devonshire House, the Duke of Devonshire's town residence, a great London palace. It looks not unlike a New England school-house, save that its long façade of brick has been blackened by time and that the windows are nearly always curtained. It is absolutely plain, and you are reminded of Norfolk House in St. James's Square, which, but for the color of the bricks, greatly resembles it. In short, you realize that for ornate houses you must look in Park Lane among the diamond merchants, not among the hereditary peers of the realm. Senator Clark would laugh at such houses.

Upon the site of Devonshire House and that of the Berkeley Hotel, once stood the great house of that Lord Clarendon whose name was Hyde, that Lord Chancellor who trafficked in offices of Charles II's reign. Evelyn, the diarist, who lived in Dover Street near at hand, records his sadness upon seeing Clarendon House in process of demolition, in 1683. Devonshire House was built in 1737 and always looked very much as it does to-day. It was famous in the days of Georgiana, the most brilliant of

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Devonshire duchesses, who gathered about her such men as Fox, Burke and Sheridan, and was a great force in the politics of her day. Her husband, as it happened, cared nothing at all about anything and lived in a happy indolence whilst his wife was pulling the wires. You see no signs of any such activity about Devonshire House to-day. It is a somber-looking pile, and the only thing I can here record of its nineteenth-century history is that Dickens and Bulwer-Lytton played in private theatricals for charity there in 1851.

Once you pass Bath House (home of the late Sir Julius Wernher, the "diamond king") you are in club-land again. The Green Park stretches on your left and on your right is the stately Naval and Military Club house at 94, once the home of Lord Palmerston, and beyond it is that symphony in brown, the Junior Naval and Military Club. Through the windows set in the brown walls, you see the copper color of the smoking utensils, the brown of the furniture, the tan on the faces of the young soldiers — all is in the key of brown. The Badminton and the Isthmian follow at No. 100 and 105 respectively, and at 106 is the St. James's, a club given up to diplomats. So far as I have been able to observe about four men dine there regularly every evening. London clubs are plaintive on their losses of membership, and it is no wonder. Exclusiveness is rapidly going out of fashion in these democratic days,

but the scores and scores of clubs are still solemnly ignoring the fact. One day they will learn that they have (largely) ceased to exist. The little yellow Savile Club at 107, with its coquettish bay window, is sacred with memories of Stevenson. When Sir Sidney Colvin brought him there, R. L. S. found so many friends within those yellow walls, that we must hold the little building in a special affection. They are talking of removing elsewhere, however, because the Park Lane Hotel now arising, is said to desire the site. The Lyceum Club, dedicated to independent womanhood, at 128, is preceded at 127 by the Cavalry Club — surely a strange juxtaposition. But the two buildings, though adjoining, seem oddly to ignore each other, and though I have seen much tobacco smoke through the windows of the Lyceum, the Cavalry Club windows are always discreetly curtained. Byron passed the first months after his marriage at No. 139, though I do not know who lives there now. But at 148 lives Lord Rothschild and some of the other houses in this terrace are also said to be peopled by this same needy family. It surely requires the contentment of Rothschilds, if they have contentment, to support the gloom of their neighbor at 149, Apsley House. Apsley House was purchased by England in 1820 as a gift to the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon. It was built by Lord Bathurst in 1785, but why it is so depressing it is impossible

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to say. It is the property of the present Duke of Wellington, but for a year, passing there nearly every day, I have never observed a sign of life about it. The equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, opposite it, seems to be bent on charging the old house and riding it down. But there it stands, a monument of gloom, the last thing in Piccadilly. Beyond this point was formerly the wilderness, and later Suburbia. I need hardly say that near Hyde Park Corner is virtually the beginning of the town. Knightsbridge leads to Kensington Gore and the great domain of middle-class London, Kensington. Sloane Street leads from Knightsbridge to Chelsea, and through the Park and Park Lane lie the ways to Bayswater and another huge section of the London of homes. But of this we shall speak later. We have come to the Pillars of Hercules; for a tavern of that name actually stood where Apsley House now stands in the dim days when Hyde Park Corner marked the beginning of the jungle.

V.

FLEET STREET AND THE TEMPLE

I.

THE Strand and Fleet Street meet at Temple Bar, but Temple Bar itself is non-existent. It is a mere name. The trumpery little "griffin," or dragon, now marking the spot is hardly observed. Many writers and many readers regret the disappearance of the real Temple Bar, a brick and iron gateway that marked the place "where the freedom of the City of London and the Liberty of the City of Westminster doth part." But, as is often the case with these old landmarks, we find we are regretting something that is best away. Until late in the eighteenth century the heads of condemned men were still put upon the spikes of Temple Bar until they dropped, and that reflection mitigates one's yearning for the gate. Dr. Johnson, the very spirit of Fleet Street (so runs the well-known story), was together with Goldsmith looking at the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey and modestly quoted a verse from Ovid, that may be rendered into "haply our own names may be min-

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gled with these." As they came to Temple Bar on their way home, Goldsmith's Irish wit saw a new application of the verse. "Haply," he said, glancing up to the heads on the gate, "our own names may be mingled with *these*." The gate was taken down in 1878 as obstructing traffic, and a man of means and piety has had it transplanted on his private estate at Waltham Cross. I shall not go to see it.

The tradition is that in the "City" proper, the Mayor is lord, and if ever the sovereign had to resort to the Cathedral or elsewhere in this city, the Mayor must first give his permission. A herald would knock upon the gate and another ask for the desired leave, whereupon the Mayor would hand his sword politely to the sovereign, and have it graciously returned. What they would do now that the gate is gone I am not certain. The last sovereign to pass through it with that ceremony was Queen Victoria, when in 1872 she went to give thanks at St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid.

The most interesting spot at this point, however, is not the griffin, but the Temple. Of the Law Courts and their newness and their impressive grayness I have already spoken. But the Temple cannot be so lightly dismissed. It is not merely a landmark; it is a little country by itself that has come down from another age, and the peace of the

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centuries lies deeply upon it. One is reminded of a story by H. G. Wells, dealing with a certain green door in an otherwise blank wall, a door that once found, led to gardens of happiness. But it was difficult to find the door again, or at all events, to re-enter there, and you may pass the low and somewhat narrow entrance to Middle Temple Lane half a dozen times in a day without observing it. But should you turn your feet down that slender passage, you will slip into another century. Often and often have I turned down that lane and neither Fleet Street nor I was quite the same when I emerged. The Temple with its great age seems to impress upon you that the one unpardonable sin is to take yourself and your own existence with undue seriousness. You measure by centuries the distance between the Templars and Shakespeare, between Selden and Sheridan, between Goldsmith and Thackeray. But the Temple seems to say: "Yes, they have all been here — was it yesterday? — they have been and gone, one continuous stream!" Like Charles Lamb at Oxford, I feel almost of the Temple whenever I am in it, especially called to the Bar, as it were, and admitted *ad eundem*.

Nevertheless, admission as a "Bencher" is not easy. I amused myself one day by looking up the qualifications for that honor, and discovered that "no attorney at law, solicitor, writer to the signet, or clerk in Chancery, parliamentary agent, or agent



St. Mary le Strand

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in any court original or appellate, clerk to any justice of the peace, or person acting in any of these capacities"—shall be admitted. It seems as though the most insuperable obstacle to becoming a Benchers was to know anything about law. Also a certificate of respectability is required, and, at Lincoln's Inn, the candidate must give assurance that he is "not in trade." Nevertheless, despite the restrictions, you will always regret when you visit the Temple that you are not a Benchers.

To eat your dinners in that Hall of the Middle Temple (for that is what being a Benchers chiefly consists in) must be one of the pleasures of life—if not too often indulged in. For though the windows are a very handsome Gothic and the rest of the room in fine Elizabethan style (built in 1572), yet the long benches are without backs and that would hardly make for comfort. All the same it is magnificent. On the windows the blazoned shields of peers who had been Benchers, the arms of all other Benchers on the panels of the wainscoting, give the place a dignity that the English barrister never quite gets over. In the rooms of ease, behind the Hall, Turkey-carpeted, firelit, hang innumerable pictures in black and white of bygone Benchers. Sheridan, Burke, Thackeray, you find them all there, and it must be a solace to current Benchers that some of the greatest names overhead are of men who, after all, failed to practice law.

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But the best of the Temple seems to me to be out of doors. You walk in those old passages and alleys, like Brick Court, Fountain Court, Crown Office Row, Lamb Court, and you gloat — not in the manner of Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*, but with a delicate, ineffable gloating — something akin to the feeling you have in Addison's Walk at Magdalene College, Oxford. Indeed, there is here much of the air of an ancient seat of learning — and something more. Brick Court, particularly, seems to focus memories of certain names that are dear to all of us. To begin with there is that Temple fountain, where Ruth Pinch so sentimentally met John Westlock. But the memories extend considerably farther back. In that Hall Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was produced, February 2, 1602, while the author was yet alive and in London. There is every reason to believe he was personally present at that performance. And at No. 2 Brick Court Goldsmith had rooms from 1765 until his death, in 1794. It was here he wrote the "Deserted Village," "The Traveller," and, in his "Animated Nature," described the treeful of rooks upon which his windows opened. Even now the clamor of birds here is so loud and joyous that you see at once this is an hereditary stronghold of theirs, where for centuries they have dwelt without fear or reproach. Thackeray touches upon these facts in his "English Humorists," though he himself had rooms in the Inner Temple,

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at 10 Crown Office Row. At No. 2 of the same Row Charles Lamb saw such light as was here on February 10th, 1775. And when it comes to lawyers, the Middle Temple is rich in alumni of great fame, such as Clarendon, Somers, Blackstone, and Eldon, while the Inner Temple can claim no less than Coke, Lyttleton and Thurlow.

The line of division between the two is not apparent to the visitor. Inner and Middle Temples form one domain, hidden away from Fleet Street, as it seems, and approachable by the narrowest of gates, but standing broad and massive as you go down toward the Thames Embankment. The Outer Temple, the westernmost of the original three, no longer exists. Once the tilt-yard of the Knights Templars, it now supports office buildings.

The Temple Church, within the precincts of the Inner Temple, is shared by both of them. They have always so shared it, for that church existed long before there were any lawyers in it. It was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who happened to be in England at the time, begging money for his Patriarchate. Considerable restoration has befallen that church since 1185, but it is still beautiful. The Norman effigies — what is left of them — are fenced off and ticketed and labeled; one is said by the verger to be the Earl of Pembroke, first owner of the Temple after the Templars left it, and the others are called his sons.

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The Earl, as it happens, sleeps in the Abbey — and it doesn't matter. Outside in the little churchyard, a remnant of it unenclosed, is the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, which is more important and more touching than a dozen Earls of Pembroke. The verger sells you picture-postcards (Temples seem to come to that), tells you that the organ is one of the best in England, and shows you which side is occupied by Inner and which by Middle Templars. It is all irrelevant. You cannot help seeing with your mind's eye the long procession of the worshippers, the original Templars, with their white mantles, their coats of mail, their brown faces baked by oriental suns,—fierce and warlike monks, who believed that the way to serve God was to kill as many as possible of His creatures in Asia Minor; and, coming after them, the black-robed lawyers, eminently men of peace, given only to bloodless contention, clerics at first, that is men who could read and write, but growing more and more in learning, until there appeared such men as Selden, Milton's "learned Selden," and Burke and the modern Chancellors!

A word about the Templars is in place in connection with their former home. Their order, founded by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, early in the Twelfth Century, was not confined to England. It existed in almost every country in Europe. Their first London home was at the Holborn end of Chancery Lane. But being rich they bought in 1184 the

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land of the present Temple, built the church and their houses and made themselves generally comfortable. They fought hard in the Holy Land, were often defeated and cut to pieces by the Saracens, and yet they seem to have been everywhere unpopular. They were always quarreling with the more or less rival order of the Hospitallers — the Knights of St. John. Gradually they brought with them many Eastern practices and were accused of sorcery, heresy, of “worshiping a cat,” and so on. In 1307, Edward II finally seized the Temple, suppressed the order, and gave their home to Aymer de Valence, his cousin, Earl of Pembroke. Soon thereafter the Hospitallers got the property by a papal decree, on the condition that they put it not to “profane uses,” and promptly rented it to the lawyers — a compliment the lawyers of to-day would doubtless prize. There, however, they have been ever since. At the outset they met their clients for consultation in the Round Church; now they meet them, if at all, in electric lighted chambers and offices. But in essence they are the same lawyers.

I have said nothing about the Inner Temple Hall, because that is comparatively new and unimportant. I have said nothing about much else that is here, the sundials, the greenery, the slices of garden. It is useless to describe every object separately, because that would only tend to confuse. The one thing I should like to convey, no matter how unobtrusively,

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is the eighteenth century picture of busy tranquillity or of tranquil occupation, as you will; of the strange air of peace in the very echo of Fleet Street's noise, of the genuine beauty that envelops the place, independent even of the many memorials that must appeal to the most indifferent; in short, of the true enchantment of this spot that lies amid the grime of London. The Temple to-day is almost precisely as Lamb described it nearly a hundred years ago. We glory in progress and swear by the "ringing grooves of change." Yet how we relish a piece of permanence like this!

From the Temple it is both natural and easy to stroll up Chancery Lane, which nearly faces it, in order to glance at Lincoln's Inn. This Inn has a considerable claim upon one's interest, for Sir Thomas More, Lord Shaftesbury, Oliver Cromwell, William Pitt, Canning, Disraeli and Gladstone are upon its roll of one-time members. Before you reach it, however, you cannot but be impressed by this anomaly; they think nothing in London of tucking away in the narrowest of alleys the most imposing of buildings. In France or America no one would think of making such an institution as the New Record Office, on the right, open into a passage like Chancery Lane. But here no one seems to care in the least. The spirit seems to be,—Put up the building, and we shall squeeze into it anyhow. That may be one aspect of the famous Eng-

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lish doctrine of "muddling through somehow," which has only recently begun to break down, but which is still amazingly successful. Of course there is a reason, a kind of noumenon, as Coleridge would have said, behind the phenomenon. Once upon a time this was the site of Rolls Yard and the Master of the Rolls held his court here. Here also stood the Rolls chapel upon the site of the Domus Conversorum, the Domus that Henry III erected in 1223 as a sort of Prytaneum for converted Jews. About a century and a half later Edward III gave the House and the Chapel to the Master of the Rolls. For some five hundred years thereafter every Master of the Rolls was also "Keeper of the House for Converted Jews," an institution extinct as the griffin on Temple Bar. Five hundred years! Then a curious thing happened. A member of the well-known Anglo-Jewish family of Jessel was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1873. It seemed a good time to shear away the office with the absurd title of "Keeper of the House," etc., which has had no existence during all those centuries, and accordingly the office was shorn. That is the way customs die in England. And, as a recent American comic opera has it, the worst of it is, we like it!

They keep state papers in the record office, including documents to a very early period of English History. And in the Record Office Museum you can see some very interesting things, such as the

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Domesday Book, the very original survey ordered by William the Conqueror in 1086. I should not, however, advise anyone to try to read a few pages as he runs, for the script is difficult and the language not the French of Paris. The other day an English boy in an examination paper said that the Domesday Book was "Paradise Lost," but that can be disproved at the Record Office. Here may also be found Nelson's Log of the "Victory," describing the battle of Trafalgar; one of the few documents in existence bearing Shakespeare's signature (it differs from Bacon's), a petition to George III from the Continental Congress, dated 1775, and a letter from George Washington to the same unwise monarch, dated 1795. Facing the Record Office is the front of the Incorporated Law Society, another fine building, and on that same side is the entrance to Lincoln's Inn.

The gateway leading to the Inn from Chancery Lane is another of those doors opening into a little world of beauty peculiar to London. This was the gate upon which Ben Jonson is supposed to have worked as a bricklayer. But as Jonson was born in 1573 and the gate built in 1518, that would seem to dispose of the legend. Here too you find beauty and peace and dignity, but it is not the Temple. The Temple is still alive and busy with coming and going, a sort of unbroken procession from mediæval days. But in the grave enclosures of Lincoln's

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Inn you scarcely see a living soul from one hour to another. The last time I was there a policeman was the only occupant of New Square, that long grass plot that has been some four centuries green. Here too is a beautiful chapel, built by Inigo Jones in 1623, but it has no glamour of crusaders about it. In short, despite the great names upon its rolls, it seems remote and detached from the Temple, and I am not aware that many ancient customs survive there. In the Temple during term time a servant of the Middle Temple stands in Essex Court at about twenty minutes to six and winds a horn. In olden times the object was to announce that the dinner hour was approaching and to call the students back from the other side of the river, or wherever they might be. The Templars have long ceased to go across, but still the picturesque custom persists.

In the same manner, the curfew bell still rings every evening at nine o'clock in Gray's Inn, which is a little beyond the Holborn end of Chancery Lane, another school of law that has been in existence since 1371. Gray's Inn takes one into Holborn, a considerable distance away from Fleet Street, but it should not be overlooked. Together with Staple Inn, an inn of Chancery, it forms one of the oldest bits of London in existence, for the great London Fire spared this region. Besides, Lord Bacon was a member of Gray's, and Goldsmith, Southey and Macaulay were other residents.

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Lincoln's Inn Fields, the huge square that lies to the west of Lincoln's Inn, if you approach it from Chancery Lane, contains a variety of landmarks. Newcastle House, at No. 67, once the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, George II's Prime Minister, is still worth seeing, but No. 55, once a home of Tennyson, is now demolished. On the south side is the Royal College of Surgeons with a great museum that must be of interest to doctors, and which I have not visited. But Sir John Soane's Museum on the northern side is well worth a visit. It is the only museum in my experience where the personal card of the visitor is demanded, but even for that you are amply repaid. There is to be found a famous Canaletto picture of the Grand Canal and the series of Hogarths, alone worth coming for, the "Election" and the "Rake's Progress"—to say nothing of an excellent Watteau. Those Hogarths make the museum, which after all, was only Sir John's private residence. For Lincoln's Inn Fields was once a nest of fashion. Sir John built the Bank of England and left a good many sketches of his own work, not to speak of much other bric-a-brac, but he has left nothing better than the "Rake's Progress."

II.

Returning to Fleet Street along Chancery Lane, we come upon the passage leading to Clifford's Inn,

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and do not enter there. The passage and the arch are quite enough to see, for the old inn is fallen into decay and is now being offered for sale by a real estate agent whose sign is the most conspicuous landmark of that preserve. And only the pious angler, perhaps, will visit St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, the church that contains a memorial window to Izaak Walton, one time warden of the church that stood upon the site, where the present one was built in 1832. Outside in one of the walls is a statue of Queen Elizabeth, removed from Lud Gate, an effigy which does Her Majesty's charms little credit.

Across the way there is still a Mitre Court leading to a Mitre Tavern, supposed to be on the site of that other Mitre, where the indefatigable Boswell met his hero, Dr. Johnson, early in their acquaintance, by an appointment which mightily flattered and puffed the Scotchman. Indeed, Mr. Boswell told the Doctor as much.

"Give me your hand," cried Johnson, "I have taken a liking to you!"—the pleasantest words that fell upon Boswell's ears. They finished a bottle of port each at that particular séance and parted warmly between one and two of the clock in the morning, Johnson trudging to his rooms at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane. It was only one of many meetings at the Mitre and Boswell rapidly became an intimate, and Goldsmith, as well as others, was often present; and on one famous occasion, when Boswell

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earnestly boasted of Scotch scenery, Johnson roundly informed him that "the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." Those many sessions in the Tavern did not tend to prolong life. Johnson himself, to be sure, lived to a good old age (seventy-five), but poor Goldsmith was only forty-six when he died. And the other day, passing by No. 102 Great Russell Street, I observed a tablet to the memory of Topham Beauclerk, a young sprig of fashion, fond of Dr. Johnson's society, who was only forty-one when he died. Beauclerk's sister, Lady Diana, as the same tablet indicates, lived to the age of seventy-four. Presumably she was not involved in the Johnsonian frolics.

The forceful mind of Johnson must have dwelt in a forceful body, though from the statue in the rear of St. Clement Danes one would hardly suppose so. Nevertheless, wherever he was, there also was the throne of English letters in his time. I have often amused myself by a quest for readers of "Rasselas." I have never read it through myself and I am persuaded that no one has — excepting perhaps a few university extension lecturers. And who has ever waded through the "Rambler Essays"? As to the Dictionary, no one but Buckle, the historian of civilization, could have perused it. Buckle had a penchant for dictionaries. Yet the shrines of Johnson in the region of Fleet Street seem to overshadow

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everything else. If you care to make your way through Fetter Lane, by many narrow and circuitous passages, into an oblong yard filled with printing shops and called Gough Square, you will find a Georgian house of red brick, still intact, with a tablet commemorating Johnson's residence. In Bolt Court he also resided, and the Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, subsists upon his memory. Nothing indicates that Goldsmith once lived, and, it is said, wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," at No. 6 of this Court (it is near 145 Fleet Street), but Johnson's Chair at the Cheshire Cheese, or what passes for his chair, is enclosed in a glass case, and to prove its authenticity, a copy of the great dictionary (first edition) lies spread open upon it.

That Cheshire Cheese, by the way, is a resort maintained by tourists. It claims a continuous existence since, I believe, 1675, and to this day the floors are sanded as of old. To this day they serve every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a pie made of steak, oysters, larks and kidney. On the off days, if you chance to pass the open door of the kitchen, you may see dozens of little bodies that purport to be larks, lying ready for the morrow — and yet all touristry throngs there to eat that pie!

The street abounds in memorials, and despite its bustle and teeming newspaper offices, still has the air of the eighteenth century about it. It seems impossible to dwell upon all the landmarks, literary

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and otherwise. I see I have passed over the Kit-Kat Club, that was wont to meet at Jacob Tonson's, the bookseller's, in Shire Lane, a thoroughfare long since obliterated, and now covered by the Law Courts. How often had Sir Richard Steele, star contributor to "The Spectator," not drunk himself under the table at the Kit-Kat dinners! It used to be a complaint of the members that it needed so much wine to wake Addison up, that Dick Steele was drunk long before that awakening.

Tonson had a taste for noble lords and their society and the Duke of Kingston one day vowed that "egad, he knew of a lady who was beautiful, and brilliant and witty enough to warrant her admission to the club." That was all well enough, said his fellow members, but they could say nothing until they saw the lady. "Gad, it should be done," cried the Duke, and despatched a messenger to his house, ordering that Lady Mary be dressed becomingly and brought to him out of hand. And Lady Mary, in future known as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was accordingly brought. She was seven years old then, and she sat in all her finery upon her father's knee and entertained the gentlemen of the Kit-Kat with retort and repartee that were perhaps less stinging than at times after she was grown. But the grim walls of the Law Courts tell no tales of the Kit-Kat, though there remains many a tale to tell.

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Nor have I spoken of Serjeant's Inn, just above the Temple where those picturesque pleaders the Serjeants, or *fratres servientes*, as the Knights Templars called their servitors (imagine Serjeant Buzfuz cleaning a coat of mail!), had their home. The only memorial I found there is one to Walter Delane, the great editor of the *Times*.

Bouverie Street, rumbling with Lord Northcliffe's printing presses, and adorned by the offices of *Punch*, has already been mentioned, and so has Tudor Street, and that particular riparian region that in King James's day was Alsatia, a sort of city of refuge for debtors, rogues and criminals of every sort.

And surely no one should pass that brief avenue called St. Bride's, without turning into it and entering the church of the same name. The church is hemmed in by ignoble buildings so that from Fleet Street you see almost nothing but the tower — a tower well worth seeing. It is one of Sir Christopher Wren's best. The present edifice was built in 1680, but as early as 1235 a church of the name already existed on the spot, for we learn that in that year one Thomas de Hall, after slaying one Thomas de Battle, fled for sanctuary to St. Bride's. It must have been that church that was burned in the great fire after the plague. Milton once lived in a house that stood in the churchyard and Wynkyn de Worde, the printer of the beautiful name, second only to Caxton, and publisher of the "Golden

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Legend," lies buried here; and in the central aisle within is the grave of the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlow." And if I say nothing of the Fleet prison, which stood just beside Ludgate Circus, where now stands Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street, it is because Dickens has made that common property.

VI

FROM ST. PAUL'S TO CHARTER- HOUSE

ONE of the most absorbing rambles in London may be taken in something under three hours.

It begins at Blackfriars Bridge and ends at Gray's Inn. That sounds like a Zigzag Journey once dear to certain writers for children, yet it is highly plausible, even logical, to say nothing of its charm. A part of the secret is that it includes St. Paul's Cathedral. That is a "sight" which occupies ten pages of Baedeker, but it is astonishing how little you are disposed to linger over it! Nothing could induce me to say how little time I have spent there all told, though I have often looked at it in passing, and that is another secret, though an open one. Outside it is perhaps the most truly "Londonish" of buildings. Within it is terrifying by its emptiness.

But to begin at the beginning: You take the Underground to Blackfrairs (Shakespeare and Ben Jonson once lived in this region), and walk to the left from Queen Victoria Street, past the *Times* office and Printing House Square into Carter Lane,

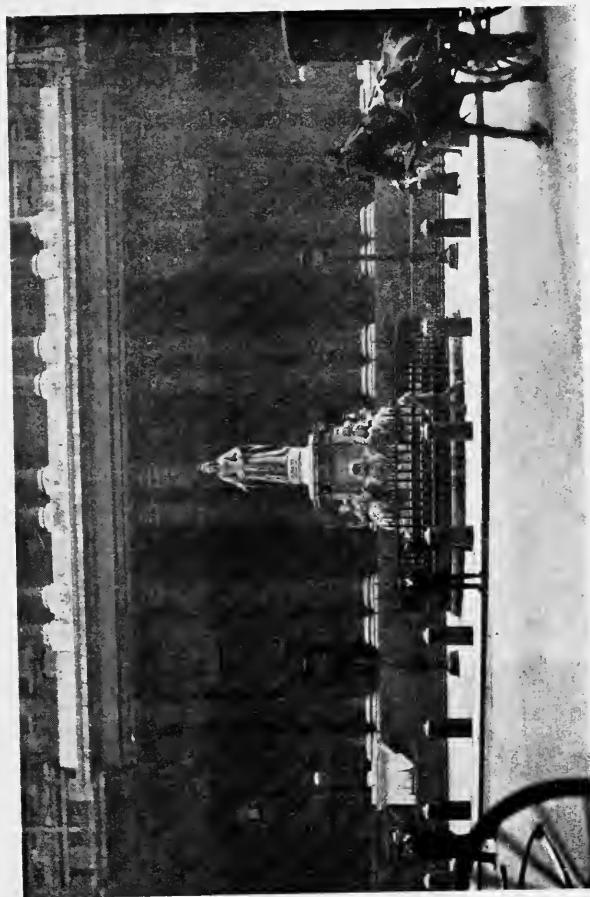
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not without pausing at Bell Yard to see another odd stone in the base of Shakespeare's fame. A marble tablet here tells you that in this place resided one Thomas Quiney, who wrote the only extant letter to Shakespeare in 1598.

Mr. Quiney little knew that he was achieving immortality by that one insignificant letter. A whole network of narrow lanes covers this region, one of the oldest in London. But commerce and industry have invaded it to such an extent, that it is not now attractive.

Past the Choir House and Deanery of St. Paul's you walk and past the site of Doctors Commons, on the right, of which I suppose the Bishop of London's marriage registry office is still a reminder, and you are in St. Paul's Churchyard — that is in the street which is so called. The old coffee houses that once drew the eternal coffee-house patrons, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith *et al.* (what nerves they must have had!) are now vanished. Mostly the churchyard is occupied by drapers, wholesale and retail.

The outside of St. Paul's is magnificent. It is as English as the Bank of England, and that is high praise. It is vast and gray and grim, yet with a beauty that is marred neither by the grayness nor the grimness. Rather is it enhanced by them. The broad low steps, the great blackened columns, the doves fluttering forever about them, give it the effect of a fine pagan temple, and, indeed, legend says



Queen Anne Statue, before St. Paul's

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that a temple of Diana once stood upon the site. The two short towers somewhat destroy that effect, still the entire gray façade and the great dome make St. Paul's a landmark of the world. Queen Anne's statue before it is a typical English statue, but it is scarcely perceived.

Once you enter the doors, however, a change comes over the spirit of your vision. You have an irresistible feeling that you have come on the wrong day, cleaning day, perhaps, or moving day, when all except the benches had already been taken out. In a kind of despair you look about the walls seeking and finding not. If you have the disadvantage of having seen the churches of Italy you are inclined to flee from this strange atmosphere that suggests what you will but religion. St. Peter's in Rome, with its booths of confessionals in all tongues, and the long fishing rods of bamboo with which the devout are touched after a genuflexion and a prayer by some unseen human mechanism wielding the rod, is sufficiently suggestive of the market place. But St. Paul's has not even these diversions to attract the eye. At the angle of the South aisle and transept is a ticket office where an usher in black sells tickets for the crypt, the library, the galleries.

Dutifully you begin to wander about in search of monuments and your eye falls upon Lord Leighton's in the north aisle, which is truly beautiful. Others attract you by their names if not by their

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merit, as General Gordon's, just beyond. You also come across Sir Joshua Reynolds and a number of admirals and soldiers like Rodney, the generals and Admiral Napier, and Ponsonby of Waterloo. Wellington and Nelson have notable monuments here and tombs in the crypt below. In the South aisle are pictures by Watts and Holman Hunt, including "The Light of the World." I fear this is becoming a catalogue, but it is so difficult to make it anything else, and in any case it is not a long one. Below, in the crypt, lies Sir Christopher Wren, himself, the builder of the Cathedral, and those two heroes, Wellington and Nelson. But the most impressive thing is the funeral car of the Duke of Wellington, cast from the guns he had taken from the enemy.

No one can gainsay a people that chooses to idealize a soldier, and, indeed, the Iron Duke is something of an idol the world over. Nevertheless, one may doubt whether all tastes would agree that a church is the place for such a relic as the car — with its decorations of rusty guns and muskets. Happily, however, it is not we who are called upon to decide that. In the crypt are also buried Reynolds, Turner, Lawrence, and Millais — soldiers and artists.

Well, you say, is this all? No; but if the day is fair that is probably all you will linger to contemplate. A few folk there are in the benches seated

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and silent (though not always silent) praying, you think. But in their hands are only guide-books. You go forth into the Churchyard once again and there among the shops you completely forget the interior of St. Paul's.

Before the fire the Churchyard was the home of stationers, and Stationers' Hall is only a step away. Many of Shakespeare's works were originally published here and where the offices of the Religious Tract Society now are, was Newbury's house, that bought Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" for sixty guineas, no less. Dr. Johnson acted as literary agent in the transaction and did the bargaining. Goldsmith could never have extracted that sum for himself. St. Paul's School, founded in 1512 by Colet, the friend of Erasmus, is now gone to West Kensington. The "Yard" is scarcely the place for a school. Still, even now a little patch of green remains on the northeastern side. I believe it was Pierre Loti who expressed astonishment at the abundance of trees and flowers in London. You can see a tree from every street. It is the compensation for a weeping climate. Of the old St. Paul's, destroyed by the Fire of 1666, virtually nothing remains — except in literature.

Through a narrow lane you make your way to Paternoster Row, to the north of the Cathedral, and find that many of the stationers, who have abandoned the churchyard to the drapers, are harbored in

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the Row. They don't seem to sell Paternosters, or rosaries, anywhere. But when St. Paul's was a Catholic Church this was the great headquarters of all manner of ecclesiastical gear. And the makers of these sacred things were, many of them by a kind of reaction, a rascally crew. But the Reformation dispersed them to other callings, and about 1720 the booksellers came here and in the Chapter Coffee House (No. 50) they met, traded in copyrights and talked shop; and poor Chatterton, when he came up to London no doubt drank in this talk with eager ears. In the following century (1848) when Smith & Elder had accepted for publication "Jane Eyre" by "Currer Bell," Charlotte Brontë and her sister came to London to see her publisher and they put up at the Chapter because she knew no other hostelry, and because its name sounded canonical and in good odor. To-day she would probably go to the Ritz or Carlton, even though the Chapter is there, trafficking in things stronger than coffee. One is hardly surprised to learn that Johnson and Goldsmith were also patrons of the house. In Warwick Lane near by, you may look upon Amen Corner and the Close of the canons of St. Paul, a tiny precinct of peace, somewhat resembling the Temple, or you may omit that ceremony, and continue through Ivy Lane into Newgate Street.

Of course Newgate Street is aggressively modern. 'Buses, shops and aerated bread places wipe out

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Amen Corners and Amen Courts as light of day wipes out a dream. But almost facing you is Christ Church, all that is left to remind you of Christ's Hospital, that Charles Lamb, one of its pupils, has made forever dear to us. The post-office buildings now occupy the site of the school (which has moved to Horsham) and indeed, this may be called the country of the post-office. It covers much of the neighboring territory. At the corner of Newgate Street and Warwick Lane, on the left, stands the house (with a tablet) that marks the ancient dwelling-place in London of the Earls of Warwick, including that Warwick who was called "The King-maker." Warwicks make kings no more, either in Newgate Street or elsewhere, and the site of the ancient prison is now occupied by a veritable palace of Justice, home of London's criminal courts. The Old Bailey is impressively new, but the judicial ceremonial with its wigs and gowns is hoary and picturesque with age. Across the way, opposite, is the Church of St. Sepulchre's, and in this walk, which I have taken more than once, I invariably pause at that point.

There is something in the atmosphere of these city churches that is delightful. They seem to say, "We care very little for the patronage of those about us, principally because they seem to care little for us. But any reverent stranger is welcome." You never see a human being in these churches. Yet

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St. Sepulchre's is beautiful. It dates from the fifteenth century, holds the tomb of Queen Elizabeth's tutor, Roger Ascham, and ought to be a Mecca for Americans, because Captain John Smith, the husband of Pocahontas, lies buried here. As the inscription says (the original is no longer legible), "Here lyes one conquer'd that hath conquer'd Kings!" But always the church seems empty. It used to have an intimate interest for the Newgate prisoners. Someone had left an endowment that compelled the clerk, or bellman, to stand under the window of the condemned cell at Newgate on the eve of an execution and to sing some cheerful verses beginning,

All ye that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you for to-morrow you shall die.

The prisoners naturally could do nothing to the singer under the circumstances. But in the morning, when the prisoner started for Tyburn on the way to death, St. Sepulchre's very delicately and charmingly presented him with a nosegay — which sounds a little better than the singing. I dare say the prisoners looked their last upon St. Sepulchre's with regret, and so does the visitor to-day. Very probably the visitor walks down Giltspur Street toward Smithfield.

You come upon Cock Lane a few steps away, and you have but to look at it to know that the ghost

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which so stirred Dr. Johnson a hundred and fifty years or so ago will not now trouble you. It is a drab enough little alley, though it commemorates another event of importance. Here, at what is called Pye Corner, the Great Fire of 1666, that began at Pudding Lane, finally and miraculously stopped.

Across the way the entire street is occupied partly by the post-office yard, but chiefly by St. Bartholomew's Hospital. I cannot say why the name of that hospital thrills me, but it does. Its long history must have a share in the thrill. Few hospitals can "point with pride" to a life of eight centuries. They were common enough in mediæval times, but not many have come down through the ages with a virtually continuous history. Rahere, its founder, a prime favorite of Henry I, must have endowed it with a special potency. With Guy's and Bedlam, it shares a place in English literature. It has romance about it, too; the discoverer of the circulation of the blood was one of the teachers in its medical school, and Dick Whittington was one of its benefactors. The buildings are all modern, of the prevailing gray tone, and its courts are busy with nurses, students, internes and patients. At the end of Giltspur Street, turning to the right you come upon its gateway, and if you choose, you enter the little church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, just within the gate. That church is a little jewel. It is

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of about the size of a spacious private drawing-room, and the patients who worship there must benefit in health from sheer delight in that little sanctuary. It goes without saying there was not a soul inside it, and the last time I was in Smithfield I sat down there for a few moments' rest after a long walk, and soon felt more than rested: I was truly refreshed by the charm and the peace of the place.

From here you make your way along West Smithfield toward St. Bartholomew-the-Great, no more than a moderate stone's-throw distant. How popular churches must have been in the old days! It is wonderful, though, how well they are kept up even now, empty though they be. I always mean to advise people to visit some of these distant City churches on Sunday, to see whether they are any fuller than on week-days. But I always relent.

You cross the street known as Little Britain, where Benjamin Franklin mastered his craft as a printer, and for the sake of Franklin I walked the length of it to Aldersgate Street. Useless piety! It is a narrow and shabby thoroughfare given up to petty trades and there is not even a printer's shop visible to remind you of Franklin. Near to the corner of this Little Britain and West Smithfield is a tablet to mark the memory that on that spot one Philpot and divers others suffered martyrdom by fire in the sixteenth century, when burning at the stake for conscience' sake was so sadly fashionable.



Sentry at Buckingham Palace

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If such a tablet existed in Franklin's day, how that shrewd and comfortable philosopher must have reflected upon the passage of time! In his age common sense and reason were the high divinities. Barbarities like burning and quartering were no longer known. Only now and then they did put a head or two upon the spikes of Temple Bar. And we, the present-day philosophers, rejoice that even that unseemly custom has vanished from amongst us.

Without more delay we enter the mean but ancient bit of archway that leads toward St. Bartholomew-the-Great and find ourselves in a fragment of oldest London. The fraction of an old, old graveyard lies before it and a few Elizabethan-seeming houses overhang the graveyard on the left, while on the right a tavern called the Coach and Horses, backs almost into the very church. Once you enter it you are in the middle ages. Norman pillars are visibly crumbling and peeling, and as much darkness as possible is admitted by windows built in a time when windows were out of fashion. With one exception it is the oldest church in London — sixty years older than the Temple Church. Rahere, who founded this church, as well as the hospital, in 1123, has his tomb here and so have Sir Walter Mildmay and divers other worthies. When last I visited the church, a service was in progress in the beautiful and spacious choir, and the congregation consisted in exactly two nurses from the hospital and one small girl. It may

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be mentioned that Franklin when engaged at his trade in Little Britain, lived in what is called Bartholomew Close. Milton lived there before him, Hogarth perhaps later, and Washington Irving considerably later. You may wander up Cloth Fair, a tortuous narrow street, that seems a remnant of Elizabethan England, with gabled houses overhanging so that a plumb-line from the top would swing fairly wide of the bottom. Each crazy little story projects a little farther forward. There are no cloth merchants there now, for they are all about St. Paul's. There is, indeed, nothing there now but those aged, tottering little houses, awaiting their turn to pass into dust.

And Smithfield itself seems like a footless relic of the past, devoted to nothing in particular. It has been almost everything, but now it is nothing more than a background — or a foreground — to the great Central Meat Market. It has been a tilting ground (when it must have been called Smooth Field), a place of execution, where both William Wallace, the Scot, and Wat Tyler, the revolutionist, met their death in the fourteenth century; it has been an open fair — Bartholomew's Fair — a medley of commerce and grotesque amusement. But now it is dull and empty, and you skirt it on the northeast to pass under the arch of the meat-market into Charterhouse Street, on your way to Thackeray's "Greyfriars," forever dear to us.

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The boys of Charterhouse must have been brought up in an aroma of cattle, and it is no wonder Thackeray's Clive Newcome sniffed at "Smiffle." Over no spotless pavements you make your way toward Charterhouse Square and there by an unassuming yellow gate and porter's lodge you stand thrilling with expectation. That is where the Carthusian Brothers live, and that is where "Cod Colonel" Newcome died so pathetically, saying "adsum" when his name was called. Something poignantly sharp grips your heart, and perhaps you are visited by a secret hope that, when your turn comes, you may be allowed to say adsum in a place no less peaceful and beautiful.

You see nothing of Brothers or schoolboys when first you pass the porter's lodge, under the Gatehouse, into the entrance court. A dead silence reigns over all. The intelligent porter gives you ample information about every wall and court, and you are provided with a leaflet wherewith to follow his itinerary. And once you are in Chapel Cloister you see evidences of some of that long distinction that makes the fame of a school.

You see memorial tablets to Thackeray, to John Leech, the artist, and to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, the latter due to the generosity of Mr. Oscar Strauss, of New York. And the tablet to John Wesley is gazed upon with reverence by many who are not of his persuasion. Long is

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the list of distinguished scholars of Charterhouse, and it includes besides those above the names of Dryden (son of the poet), Sir Henry Havelock, George Grote, Crashaw and Blackstone, Addison and Steele. The walls of that chapel must have seen them all come and pass, since portions of the stonework date to 1512 and others to 1349.

An excellent pamphlet sold at the door accurately traces the long history of the Chapel and the Charterhouse. Upon the site of a cemetery for victims of the plague that raged in London in 1348-9, Sir Walter de Manny, a noble knight and a chivalrous, built the chapel where masses might be said for the souls of the surrounding dead; and subsequently, in 1371, he founded a Carthusian monastery for twelve monks and a Prior. But only the Prior's cell was ready when Sir Walter was buried at the foot of the altar in the chapel, and Edward Third, John of Gaunt and the Black Prince witnessed the interment. Despite all that regal patronage, however, Henry Eighth dissolved it 166 years later, and sent its Prior and most of the Brothers to the gallows at Tyburn. It fell into neglect, even dilapidation, until it was granted as a residence to Sir Edward North. It changed hands more or less rapidly thereafter, became the property of the Earl of Northumberland, once again of Sir Edward North and, finally, of the Duke of Norfolk, who was subsequently beheaded. From the Duke's family,

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Thomas Sutton, a wise soldier in retirement, acquired the house in 1611 for £13,000 and created the retreat for old gentlemen that it is to-day.

The Chapel into which the porter leads you, is also the tomb of Thomas Sutton; a curiously carved and colored effigy of the bearded captain lies upon the sarcophagus, and the face seems very wise, and, indeed, what could be wiser than such a foundation? To keep in comfort eighty old men who cannot keep themselves, the failures in the struggle who would feel their defeat most poignantly (for they must be "gentlemen"); and forty boys, schooled, equipped and nurtured in readiness for the self-same struggle. It is only in old countries that you find these choice, idiosyncratic benefactions. And Charterhouse is doubtless of the choicest. One is surprised to learn that Bacon protested against it.

"For to design the Charterhouse," he wrote, "a building fit to be a Prince's habitation, for an hospital, is as if one should give in alms a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar." But Bacon's moral character, as we know, suffered from other blindnesses as well. And Sutton had his way, and the hospital was founded. They show you the Tapestry Room, the library, and the Great Hall, where the Brothers eat their dinner at two, according to ancient usage. It is the only repast they eat there. The other meals are brought them to their "cells," very comfortable cells, like college rooms. The last

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time I was there it was midwinter, and only two or three Brothers in shovel hats and long black gowns were strolling about the evergreen Pensioners' Court. Theirs seemed an easy simple life, not without dignity.

The boys of that foundation, however, are no longer at Charterhouse. The school, which also had provision for day scholars, grew large and populous, and the authorities in 1872 removed it to Godalming. The original forty boys provided for have now increased to ninety, and the school is said to number over five hundred. So that the benches provided for them at the foot of the founder's tomb are no longer filled by the foundationers — doubtless to Thomas Sutton's regret. Another school, the Merchant Taylor's, has bought the buildings, and there is still young life on the beheaded Duke of Norfolk's tennis court; and where the old cloisters were in Carthusian days is a running track with distances marked off in white.

But though the Charterhouse School has been prospering at Godalming, the lay Brothers have not fared so well. Their share of the £200,000 originally supplied by Thomas Sutton, has shrunk with the agricultural land values and only fifty-seven Brothers are now maintained.

Charterhouse Square, once the Churchyard, is a quiet enough circle of houses, and though once an abode of fashion, now demands no special attention.

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But a step away, to the west, we may turn into St. John's Lane, and see St. John's Gate, the last relic of the priory of the Knights of St. John, as well as the church of that name, constituting a part of the old priory, and dating back to the twelfth century. Thence by Clerkenwell Road, home of jewelers and watchmakers, and Old Street, eastward to Bunhill Row (Milton once lived there at No. 125), leading to the grimy cemetery of Bunhill Fields. I have purposely kept away from cemeteries until now, because I do not delight in visiting them. But Bunhill Fields, though a good half mile away from Charterhouse, contains the tombs of two great English classic writers, John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe. Few who read the English tongue have not read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and fewer still "Robinson Crusoe." This was for nearly three centuries the great Nonconformist Cemetery, and John Wesley's mother is also buried here. Her illustrious son lies just outside this cemetery in the little graveyard of Wesley's Chapel, and his house at 47 City Road is now maintained as a museum. To the northwest of Bunhill Fields stretches the populous desert of Islington, a region outside the scope of this book, and to the South lies the teeming City.

Or, upon leaving Charterhouse Square we may retrace our steps toward Smithfield, into Giltspur Street, past Bartholomew's and turn to the right

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by the Church of St. Sepulchre, into the Holborn Viaduct, past the City Temple and St. Andrew's Church, where William Hazlitt was married with Charles Lamb as best man; past the vast reddish brick buildings of the Prudential Offices, on the site of Furnival's Inn, where "Pickwick Papers" was begun, to Brooke Street where (No. 39) poor Chatterton killed himself, to Staple Inn again, upon which one cannot look too much, and thence to the right into Gray's Inn Road and Gray's Inn, where the lights may be already blinking, and the great quadrangles lie empty and dignified, yet seemingly alive with their long and picturesque history.

In either case, whether you turn from Charterhouse to Clerkenwell or to Holborn Viaduct, the walk takes no more than three hours. And at Chancery Lane, when you emerge from Gray's Inn, is the friendly Tube.

VII

THE CITY: SOME MILTON, SHAKESPEARE AND DICKENS LAND

I.

THE vast network or palimpsest of streets called "The City" could very easily fill several volumes in itself. Nothing is more striking than the spirit of hurry and bustle that characterizes its denizens and the ancient landmarks that lie all but submerged in this seething modernity. The sightseer is here more than elsewhere an interloper, yet here may be found some of the most interesting remnants of old London, dating all the way back to the Roman occupation. Gingerly one must tread one's way about these purlieus, and remember that only a very little of the accumulation of riches may be seen. Also, one must come here on weekdays and be jostled, for on Sundays this is a desert of stone and mortar, without charm or zest.

The sudden transition is very odd. So long as you are ambling about the paved paths of the little enclosure in St. Paul's Churchyard, you are still "legitimate." This is undoubtedly the city, and

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St. Paul's Churchyard is filled with commercial houses. But you still seem legitimate. But walk a step into Cheapside and you appear strange and illicit, particularly if you should have a guide-book in your hand. Whatever you do, do not pause to think that Milton as a child played upon these pavements — or such pavements as there were in his day. There is no time to think. You are more apt to recall Heine's cry when he looked upon them nearly a century ago, "Send no poet to London!" If, however, you join the swift procession from the top of Paternoster Row and swing into Cheapside as though your life depended upon it, or as though you were in lower Broadway, New York, you are correct and in the movement. John Gilpin, who not improbably lived at the corner of Paternoster Row and Cheapside when he undertook his celebrated ride, has set the pace that Cheapside and the streets clustering about the Bank of England maintain to-day. Cheapside leads (via the Poultry) straight into the Bank of England, the greatest institution in the British Isles. And if you wish to form a rough and ready notion of what is significant in the England of to-day, compare the atmosphere of St. Paul's at the bottom of Cheapside and that of the Bank at the top of it. You will see at once which is the more important temple of the two. But that England is not alone in this, I need hardly say.

THE CITY

The last time I walked, or rather flew, in Cheapside, I turned swiftly down the various adjoining streets and lanes, so that not the veriest errand-boy among them suspected me of landmark-hunting. I moved briskly up Foster Lane, on the left, to visit the Church of St. Vedast, a Wren product, as nearly every London church should be, to see the place where the gentle Herrick was baptized in 1591. St. Vedast's, however, was locked, barred and bolted, and by gazing at its door I was remarked with suspicion by an errand-boy on a bicycle. I walked on to the Goldsmiths' Hall, in the same lane, to see a certain Roman altar I had heard of, that had been found when the foundations for this Renaissance palace were being dug. The door-keeper, an imposing official in gold lace, absorbed in reading by a very comfortable fire in the front hall, told me I should have to write for permission first. Outside on the bulletin board were announcements of Oxford and Cambridge scholarships to be given by the Goldsmiths' Company to successful competitors. Altogether the building is a picture of opulence and you get a new notion of why England has been called a nation of shopkeepers. These old guilds (and this one dates to 1327) give even now a coherency to business which America lacks. The Saddlers' Hall is near the corner of Foster Lane in Cheapside, and a little beyond is Wood Street with the plane-tree that Wordsworth mentions in "Poor

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Susan." That tree seems even stranger than the sightseer in this region. Across the way some very ancient and notable streets run down southward.

Bread Street, though now completely commercialized, is sacred to the memory of Milton. At the corner of Bread and Watling Streets is a tablet with a portrait of Milton in bas-relief commemorating the Church of All Hallows, torn down in 1878, where Milton was baptized. A few steps back, near to Cheapside, at what is now No. 63, Milton's father carried on the trade of a scrivener, and there the poet was born in 1608. A great wholesale shop of women's hats now stands upon the site. It is interesting to compare the knowledge we have concerning those two poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Shakespeare, the professional actor, followed a calling so comparatively disreputable in those days that not even his supreme genius was able to rescue much of his history from obscurity. We know almost nothing about him. Of Milton, the scholar, born while Shakespeare was yet alive, we know almost everything. We know not only where he was born, where baptized, and where he lies buried, but we know where he was married and remarried, and also every one of his dwelling-places.

Back we go into Cheapside and again we are in the stream of traffic that thinks not upon Milton, nor yet on Shakespeare. Bow Church alone per-



Fishing in the Green Park

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haps arrests their gaze, not because Wren built it, or because it dates originally to the beginning of the Norman Era, but because it has a clock overhanging the pavement that reminds them to hurry. One wonders whether this was not a happier region in Tudor times or in Stuart, when the cry of "Prentices and Clubs," brought out from the shops hundreds of young ruffians with bludgeons to uphold their rights — ruffians who afterwards grew into great city merchants and Lord Mayors, like Hogarth's industrious apprentice. Pepys recalls one of these little Cheapside riots protesting against two lads of the 'prentice order being put in the pillory, and a small apprentice of thirteen informing him that it was an unheard of outrage, and one recalls Chaucer's apprentice of Chepe:

Out of the shop thider would he lepe,
And til he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agen.

Chepe certainly seems remote from those times, or from the days when a knightly tournament was held there, in 1330, to celebrate the birth of the Black Prince, or when the conduits ran wine, red and white, as in 1312, when a son was born to Edward III. One of the nine crosses to Queen Eleanor, of which Charing Cross survives, stood here to mark the spot where her coffin rested, but the Puritans

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pulled it down in Cromwellian times. Every Lord Mayor's Show, gilded coaches, scarlet robes and all, passes down Cheapside and many a coronation procession of old moved down this thoroughfare. Henry VIII boldly had his temporary Queen, Anne Boleyn, pass down Cheapside and the merchants gave her a purse of a thousand marks, whereas Queen Elizabeth, a little later, on the way to her crowning, received a Bible, which she promised to read diligently. I declare, one could go on forever with one of these ancient streets, if only the space permitted. For this is the very heart of London (have I not said it leads to the Bank?) and Bow Bells have been music to cockney ears for near upon a thousand years, and everybody knows how they said "Turn again, Whittington" to the future Lord Mayor of London!

Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern that stood in Cheapside between Bread and Friday Streets must have heard those bells often in the early morning when they broke up after their fabled combats of wit in which, so Fuller says, Jonson was the great Spanish galleon, and Shakespeare, the nimbler craft, an English man of war. But they were all nimble, as we gather from Beaumont's famous lines:

So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.

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The tavern had an entrance into Friday Street and one into Bread Street, and there is a legend that Sir Walter Raleigh was the founder of the Mermaid Club. It may be mentioned here as well as anywhere that one of the few facts we know of Chaucer's life is from some testimony he gave, that he once walked down Friday Street.

Near the corner of Wood Street, opposite, stands that legally protected plane-tree, the last of its race, that figures in the Wordsworthian poem of "Poor Susan." Those lines, so tempting to the parodist, say that —

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-light appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

I can only say that poor Susan was luckier than I, for neither morning nor afternoon have I heard any thrush there. We cannot pause on the tradition that Keats wrote his sonnet on Chapman's "Homer" at No. 71 Cheapside, because it is unsubstantiated; nor need one linger upon the Sadlers' Hall or the Mercers' Hall, for you cannot enter those strongholds without a preliminary correspondence. But upon turning into King Street on the left you come direct to the Guildhall, and that is quite easy of access.

From its name you expect something very fine,
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imposing, impressive, a building, in short, worthy of the Guild of Guilds of the opulent City of London. None of those adjectives apply to the Guildhall. It is not even showy; architecturally it seems a bewildering mixture lacking even the homogeneity of the ginger-bread style, which it nevertheless resembles. After the great, massive, typically English buildings you have seen, it seems grotesque. However, this outer shell (built 1789) dates to an age one does not associate with fine architecture. I say the outer shell, because a Guildhall there has been here at least since the twelfth century, and in the crypt through which you pass on the way to the museum, you still see the remains of the original building. From the vaulting you would suppose that the original Guildhall must have far surpassed its present descendant, theoretically the fortress of the "City merchant"—a combination of club, chamber of commerce, town-hall and much else besides. The gilded coach of the Lord Mayor, outrider, powdered footman and police escort (with a gorgeously costumed figure said to be the Lord Mayor inside the coach) begins its procession here, and turns up or down Cheapside to show errand boys to what they may aspire. I suppose those of us who come from overseas, where history, so to speak, began afresh, with little of the trappings of mediævalism clinging, must always wonder at the state of mind of a sensible man who suffers himself

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to be thus appavelled and paraded. But, *n'importe*, as the French say. It is a colorful spectacle against the London gloom. And a little madness leavens life.

The two wooden giants, Gog and Magog on the left as you enter the Great Hall, seem to be another remnant of mediævalism. No one can quite explain them. The present ones date to 1708, but as early as 1415, when Henry V entered London from Southwark, the ancestors of those wooden figures were set up on London Bridge holding out the keys of the City to him. After the giants there is nothing in particular to see in this hall. There are a few typically English statues of English heroes. The vast, carnivorous City dinners are held in this hall, and Pepys, who dined at one of them October 29, 1663, complained that only the Lords of the Privy Council had napkins and forks. You may, if you feel inclined, receive permission to look in at the Council Chamber, and study the coats of arms of the different livery companies if you are interested in that species of heraldry, or you may descend from the Hall into the crypt and join some class of school-children, in charge of a teacher, studying civic and national history by examining leaden coffins, cinerary urns, or other remnants of the Roman occupation; or, in the museum adjoining the crypt, gaze upon ancient implements, pottery, ornaments, autograph letters from Pepys and Wellington, the sign of Falstaff's

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tavern, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and so on.

The library overhead is a magnificent room said to contain the finest collection of London history in existence, and the Art Gallery adjoining, contains some Copleys, a deal of rubbish, historical and otherwise, and a portrait of Lamb by Hazlitt, which Baedeker declines to star.

Of St. Lawrence Jewry, a church backing into the very yard of the Guildhall, I have said nothing, because there is nothing — or much — to say. It is another beautiful church that seems to remain a desolate anachronism in a region that has no need of it. Aldermen and City merchants don't come to the City to worship — certainly not to worship the Lord. In olden times they did; when Bishop Tillotson preached here they lived here with their families. Now the train and the motor take them into the country in forty minutes. And the same applies to St. Mary Aldermanbury, a step away through Fountain Court, in Aldermanbury, though I actually saw a stoutish, red-haired man kneeling there in prayer on a certain cloudy afternoon. The register of this church records Milton's second marriage in 1656 to Catherine Woodcock. Down Aldermanbury you continue to Fore Street amid an ever-increasing bustle, to see St. Giles, Cripplegate, and the tomb of Milton. There is a short cut, but this way is the best, for in Fore Street you pass

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Milton Street, running off to the right, and that street is famous. It is the ancient Grub Street.

Perhaps the change of name to Milton Street was due to the fact that Milton had so many residences in this district — in Aldersgate Street, Jewin Crescent, Little Britain, Bunhill Fields. But Grub Street it is, for all that, and as dreary a thoroughfare as doubtless it ever was. Samuel Johnson considered it part of the regular education of an author to have passed through it, but Swift and Pope and, indeed, everyone had nothing but sneers for it. It was the home of the lowest type of hack and pamphleteer, and many a one was buried by the parish. Swift, deriding Pope's caligraphy and frugality in the use of paper, advised Grub Street poets to send their verses to "paper-sparing Pope," who would joyfully use the margins of their copies for his own verses. And,—

When Pope has filled the margin round
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for 50 pound,
And swear they are your own!

A minute's walk brings you to St. Giles, a handsome, picturesque little church — almost a picture church — in what is called the perpendicular style, with battlemented walls and a statue of Milton at the door. There is no vestibule, you enter the

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church from the street and are struck by the sense of freedom and the spaciousness that seem to pervade it. Yet it is a small, silent City church like so many others, but of undoubted antiquity. The present building dates to 1545, though the original church was built about the year 1090. But for illustrious dead this is a little Abbey; for it contains the graves of John Milton (as well as of his father), of Foxe, the martyrologist, of Sir Martin Frobisher, the navigator, and of some members of the family of Lucy, Shakespeare's Lucy, in whose deer preserves the poet is believed to have been caught poaching. Also, the register, which, by the way is complete to 1560, informs us that a young brewer named Oliver Cromwell, on the 29th of August, 1620, was married at St. Giles to one Elizabeth Bourchier.

The completeness of these records, with their terrible tale of the plague-year, 1665, served as material for Defoe, who dwelt near by, at Barbican, when he was writing his almost too convincing narrative of the plague epidemic.

But, of course, the great interest lies in Milton's tomb. The actual grave is in front of the altar, but the memorial, with a bust of Milton under a black oaken canopy, faces the door. It is very simple and very awe-inspiring, as the simplicity of greatness always is. A few words indicate the date of birth and death, and that is all. There are various quaint and ancient memorials in this church,

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which I need not here dwell upon. That St. Giles' holds Milton is enough.

II.

After Milton's tomb to find oneself in the Mansion House, is surely a leap from the sublime to the ridiculous, yet the Lord Mayor would hardly think so. Conducting a police court as he does there in his stronghold, I am sure that his power seems to him supreme and exhaustless. Before writing this section I made the round once again of this small but agitated district, that lies roughly between Cornhill and the Thames, and between the Bank and Mansion House and the Tower. But the two pleasantest spots and the finest, too, lie outside those boundaries. St. Helen's Church, for instance, is in Great St. Helen's Bishopgate, and St. Saviour's is in Southwark, just across London Bridge. But I know of no way of seeing this portion of the city, except by winding in and out among its lanes and alleys and moving up and down in them.

In the Mansion House there is virtually nothing to see. The "State Apartments" shown cannot compare with the scores of other State apartments visible throughout Europe with far less scrutiny, and in any case, rooms obviously "palatial" are absurd. Humanity has no need of Gargantuan tables or Gargantuan chairs. Behind the Mansion House is the little Church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, which

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is certain to be closed whenever you wish to see it. Walbrook was really a brook once, and not a very clean one. Now it is a narrow street leading down to Cannon Street. And where the Mansion House stands was a famous market called Les Stokkes Market, from a pair of stocks that stood there for offenders. The present building was erected in 1752. Should you wander down from King William Street, just east of the Mansion House, into St. Swithin's Lane, you may see the true power that dominates the City proper. The throne is in New Court, at the sign of the Red Shield overhanging the pavement. Here are the business premises of the Rothschilds, and when I glanced into that trim and spacious court, a brougham with a coronet on the panels drove in, and the doors of the building on the right swung open. A footman doffed his silk hat, opened the door of the brougham, and gave his arm to a slightly stooping old man, with white hair and a friendly countenance. Between the two porters, each holding open half a door, passed in, stooping, smiling, the lord of money, N. M. de Rothschild, whose voice carries farther than many a European monarch's and whose signature is often more weighty. In the gateway stood a private detective who watched me narrowly.

A little way farther down is St. Swithin's Church (of course it is by Wren; he must have built eighty per cent. of all the churches in London) with London Stone built into one of its walls. In Roman days

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this was presumably the Forum, and distances were measured from this stone — the millarium.

There are many centers of London, but one of them is undoubtedly the junction of streets, between the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, the Royal Exchange and the Bank. No less than seven great thoroughfares radiate outward from this point: the Poultry, which is really Cheapside, Queen Victoria, King William and Lombard Streets, Cornhill, Threadneedle and Princes Streets. The Bank of England, needless to say, overshadows the Mansion House, as well as all else in its neighborhood. It is the Bank that has made obsolete all these churches, and had Christopher Wren foreseen that the idea thrown out in 1694 by William Paterson, the astute Scotchman, would result in a total eclipse of his work, he might have builded with less zeal. Sir Christopher died nearly thirty years after the Bank was founded, but he could not foresee it. There is a notion that the Bank is a government institution, because it alone can issue paper money. But, of course, it is a joint stock bank, like so many others, though the first of that species. Black and windowless its stone walls face the Mansion House, face Princes Street, face Lothbury, Bartholomew, Threadneedle Streets. Where there is so much money, windows are dangerous, hence this state of siege, a monument to the architectural skill of Sir John Soane, whose house is a museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

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The Royal Exchange is another local shrine. It is a great hall of emptiness, but on the upper floors are the rooms of Lloyd's, where they insure anything, from a ship to a meteorite, and the noise they make about it all might well pass muster in a minor American stock exchange.

Your general direction here is eastward toward Aldgate and the Tower, but it is impossible to preserve a rigid method of exploration. You dodge in and out of streets and buildings until your conscience is satisfied. For instance, in Cornhill near by, you glance at No. 41, where the poet Gray was born, and into St. Peter's Church, because it is the oldest in London. Traditionally, it dates to 179 A. D., though the present building was erected by Wren in 1681. There is little enough to see there now unless you count the keyboard used by Mendelssohn when he played here September 30, 1840. The verger, or rather the vergeress, is very glad to show this one treasure in her charge in the oldest church in London. You may, before coming to St. Peter's, lose yourself in Change Alley, in order to see the site of Garraway's Coffee House, where Defoe, who kept a hosier's shop near by in Freemason's Court, was a frequenter. But the present building on the site is most disillusionizing. And south of Lombard Street is Plough Court, where Pope was born. Up Bishopsgate on the left from Cornhill, you walk into Great St. Helen's, than which there is no pleasanter

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spot to rest for a moment. Returning to Leadenhall Street, you may at the corner of Lime Street, see the site of the India House that supported James Mill, his son John Stuart Mill, and of course Charles Lamb, who so wisely made up for beginning his office hours late by ending them early.

Lombard Street, once the home of the collectors of the papal revenues and later of their successors, the Italian bankers, who took the place of the Jewish bankers expelled in the thirteenth century, is a street of bankers still. In its Church of St. Edmund's, King and Martyr, Addison in 1716 contracted his high marriage with the Dowager Countess of Warwick, which we know did not bring him much happiness. Descending Gracechurch Street from Lombard, we come upon the Monument and the entrance to London Bridge. I have doubtless omitted many of the churches in the region, but my conscience is untroubled. It would take a fanatic to "do" them all.

I see I have brought up sharp at the Monument as though I intended to write a chapter upon it, but that is hardly necessary. The Monument is simply a very tall column (202 feet high) put up by Wren in 1677 to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, so often mentioned. On the top of this column gilded flames most unrealistically leap heavenward. If you ascend the 345 steps you may get a fine view of the river. But few are the enthusiasts that ascend them.

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Fishmongers' Hall at the approach to the bridge, is another monument — to the fish trade — gray and dark and beautiful, the richly shaded London color, and you cannot help marveling naively that the Guild of Fishmongers who could put up that hall should be in essence one with the chaffering, noisy tribe under the bridge, on the opposite side, who constitute the soul of Billingsgate. There are still some "ladies disposing of fish" at this famous gate, but chiefly there are men and horses (including donkeys) and the smell of fish that send up their salute to you as you lean over the parapet of the bridge and look down upon them. Resolutely you conclude that that experience is enough, and without listening for the celebrated language, you march on across the busy bridge to the Borough towards St. Saviour's, now known as Southwark Cathedral.

So far as the sightseer is concerned Southwark (or Sothark, as it is pronounced) contains only two or three points of interest, but they are of capital importance. And the greatest of these is St. Saviour's because it is still comparatively intact, despite renovations. A whole county of Dickens Land lies farther down along the High Street, but St. Saviour's might be called the Church of the Dramatists. It dates far enough back, however, to hold the tomb of the poet Gower, contemporary of Chaucer, whom the verger calls Chaucer's teacher. Well, we all learn from each other, so we may let that pass. The



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St. Saviour's Church

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original nave was built by Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, so early as 1106. A hundred years later, another Bishop of Winchester built the Choir and Lady Chapel which (bar repairs) survive to this day. The nave was rebuilt in 1896, but in admirable taste, and in the style of the original. Altogether this is a church of harmony, and it has need to be, for besides the tomb of Gower it has on the opposite (south) side of the nave a monument in marble with a reclining alabaster figure to William Shakespeare, so long a resident of this parish—"a tribute from English and American admirers," the inscription reads. The windows of Massinger, Fletcher and Beaumont follow Shakespeare's along the wall. After Beaumont's is a window to Edward Alleyn, player, who was a churchwarden here in 1610. It shows that despite the low legal status of the actor at that time (and, indeed, until to-day), of a vagrant, he must have been held in some esteem, nevertheless, to be a churchwarden and to found a school; for Alleyn founded Dulwich College. Facing all these, in the north wall, are windows to Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Sacheverell, Bunyan, Chaucer, and also the monument to Gower. There are divers other quaint and ancient monuments here including Trehearne "Gentleman-porter" to King James I—whatever a Gentleman-porter may have been, and a certain crusader. But the one tomb that I hold it a duty to pay one's respects to, is that of Bishop

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Lancelot Andrews, a modest and saintly man who was one of the translators of the Authorized Version. He lies in the ancient Lady Chapel, which is very dark and very peaceful. Massinger, Fletcher and Edmund Shakespeare, a brother of William, are also buried here, but the location of their graves is uncertain.

Americans may be said to have a home at St. Saviour's, for the Harvard Chapel was created by them to commemorate the baptism here of John Harvard on the 29th of November, 1607. I saw a facsimile of the entry, and it is of the briefest. "John Harvard, son of Robt. Harvard," and this Robt. Harvard in 1610 was a churchwarden of St. Saviour's, and thus a colleague of the actor Alleyn. The verger feels that that contact must have influenced John Harvard in Massachusetts to found our great University by example, for he must have heard there that Alleyn was founding Dulwich in England. There is a strange flavor about those benefactions by poor, or comparatively poor, men. For Robert Harvard was a tavern-keeper, Alleyn an actor, and John Harvard a poor clergyman. Nowadays it seems to require a hundred millions or so of superfluity before men will found colleges. I should add, that to Mr. William Phillips, formerly secretary of the American Embassy in London, now Regent of Harvard, is due the opening of the Harvard Chapel — to which Mr. Choate contributed the window.

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Mr. Robert Bacon provided a Visitors' Book where Harvard men, presumably (for there is a space for "class"), to enter their names. But the Harvard names are lost amid the multitude of signatures from Kennington, Whitechapel, Chicago and intermediate points on the map.

What remains of Southwark to be seen is less accessible than the Cathedral. For instance, a part of Barclay and Perkins' Brewery (of which Dr. Johnson's friend Thrale was originally one of the owners) stands upon the site of Shakespeare's Theatre, the Globe, where so many of the plays were produced, and so much of the poet's success made. It is in Park Street, perhaps a quarter mile from the church and a fine bronze tablet records the fact that "Here stood the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare 1598-1603." In Thomas Street, on the way thither, one may turn down far enough to catch a glimpse of Guy's Hospital, which a bookseller, who actually achieved wealth in South Sea speculation, founded in 1731. John Keats studied medicine there, and must have often trodden the streets that Shakespeare walked in two centuries before him. The White Hart, where the best of masters, Mr. Pickwick, first met the best of servants, Samuel Weller, son of Tony (it sounds like a roll-call in Valhalla!) has now disappeared from its place (No. 61) in the Borough High Street, though I see the rooms of the Samuel Weller Social Club are on the

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site. But at No. 77, a little to the south, stands the George Hotel, as genial an old inn as the White Hart must have been. A little further away, at No. 85, is the Tabard Inn, descendant (very modern descendant) of Chaucer's Tabard's Inn, point of departure for the Canterbury Pilgrims. The Church of St. George, further down the High Street, is familiar to readers of "Little Dorrit," and its churchyard holds many dead of the old Marshalsea Prison, which stood near by. And if you wander all the way to Lambeth you may even see Bedlam, or the Bethlehem Royal Hospital for Lunatics. But it is best to return across London Bridge and catch another glimpse of the mediæval turrets upon the Tower Bridge, a short distance down the river.

VIII

THE TOWER

IF you go on to the Tower from London Bridge, by way of Lower Thames Street, to which a stairway leads from Adelaide Place, the bridge entrance, you may look into the old and beautiful church of St. Magnus Martyr (by Wren), where Miles Coverdale, the first translator of the complete English Bible once officiated as rector, and where he now lies buried. There, in the heart of Billingsgate, this fine mellow church is crumbling on through the centuries, without striking incongruity. The last time I visited the Tower, I walked this way through Billingsgate, turned up St. Dunstan's Hill, past St. Dunstan's-in-the-East (also by Wren), and thence, by Great Tower Street, and past All Hallows Barking, to Great Tower Hill. All Hallows Barking deserves a visit, if only because that great spirit William Penn was baptized within it. The Bishop Lancelot Andrews, whose tomb we saw in Southwark Cathedral, was also baptized here, and John Quincy Adams was married at All Hallows on July 26th, 1797, to Louisa Catherine Johnson. From Tower Hill, a step eastward, where so many famous heads

were severed, the remains that were carried to All Hallows Church included those of Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Surrey. The church escaped the fire of 1666, and by consequence much of its mediæval architecture and many ancient brasses remain intact. Near the church stands a tavern, called the Czar's Head, which Peter the Great frequented (not the same building, of course) when he was learning to build ships in England.

The more normal way of arriving at the Tower, however, would be from the Mark Lane Underground station, opposite this Church of All Hallows, which would eliminate the walk through Billingsgate. The few costers and policemen who now generally occupy Tower Hill, and the public coffee-bar with coffee ever so cheap, may seem less picturesque than the scaffold that parted from their heads the two Dudleys, the Duke of Northumberland (1553), who owned Charterhouse but who never dwelt in it; the poet Earl of Surrey and his son Norfolk (1572) who did live in Charterhouse, Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, not to mention the Scotch Lords (Lovat as late as 1747), but if these noble and revered heads could now revisit the Hill they would no doubt approve of the landscape even in its degeneration.

It is only the Hill, however, that may be said to have degenerated. For the Tower itself, rising high and majestic, with turrets, flags and pinnacles, bastions, battlements and castellated walls, is a spectacle

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for the gods. It seems almost as remote from the twentieth century as the Tower of Babel would be in the middle of Whitechapel Road. When you see that brave pile (as such things used to be called), you forget completely that Whitechapel lies somewhere, not very far, to the east, and the City immediately to the west. You think of all that dead and gone era of the knighthood and chivalry of both Amadis de Gaul and reality, an era which seemed so preposterous even to Cervantes, which seems so incredibly preposterous to us of to-day. Yet, the Tower and much of its contents testify to the grim actuality of that bygone age, and unless your blood is frozen by some of the instruments of torture in the Armory, you cannot help laughing inwardly at the folly of mankind, that has always taken itself with so much pompous and absurd seriousness. From every point of view the Tower is a thing to be seen. It is tonic. It makes you feel what fine fellows we are in that we no longer behead, throw into dungeons, or crush to a jelly the thumbs of people who differ in matters of faith. We do, indeed, look with complacency on machine guns and their work, but machine guns, notably our own machine guns, are different. And some day, perhaps, we shall pass through a gate and take a ticket for them even as now for the Tower.

Of course, the Tower is not all armory, but it is natural to regard instruments of torture and weapons

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of death with warm interest. The architectural glamour of the place is unique in England and historically, I suppose, its interest is unsurpassed for English-speaking people. All the separate towers and buildings are plainly labeled, making the walls and grounds themselves the items of a sort of huge exhibit. The moat requires no label, for any reader of "Ivanhoe" would immediately know its uses and imagine it flooded. It is now white and dry, and the last time I saw it, some soldiers of the little garrison were playing football upon its bed. But it is a comfort to think that it could be flooded still, and that one day some imaginative Governor of the Tower will do it for our edification.

Sir Walter Raleigh was, I suppose, admitted without a ticket, but now you must, even on free days, obtain a ticket at the office near the Lion's Gate, where of old was the Lion Tower, a part of the menagerie removed to Regent's Park. Edward Alleyn, the actor, he who according to the verger of St. Saviour's is supposed to have indirectly influenced John Harvard to found Harvard College, was at one time keeper of the menagerie, and that is how he is said to have amassed the money to found Dulwich with. It seems a more likely way than acting — in these days. An excellent guide purchased for a penny at the gate gives in large type the names and descriptions of the various towers you pass on the way to Wakefield Tower, where the Crown Jewels



On Tower Bridge

THE TOWER

are kept. On the right is the river and Traitors' Gate, where so many of the finest spirits of England landed to enter these precincts of gloom and death. Edward, Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Duke of Monmouth — what a roll-call! All passed under that broad and sinister archway, and strangely enough, Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, who so loved to punish others, herself landed at Traitors' Gate as a prisoner. The whole place breathes of mystery and romance, even to this day, when little detachments of soldiers in khaki parade before your eyes and tourists straggle about, guide-book in hand. Yet Harrison Ainsworth could have chosen no fitter background for a novel than the Tower of London. There, opposite that very Traitors' Gate stands the gloomy masonry of Bloody Tower, where Richard III had the little Princes done to death, as we believe, and as by this sword I undertake to maint — dear me! I am forgetting the tourists and the mild beef-eaters on guard. But the very walls, the very name of the Tower, recall strange and vanished figures of speech and long-forgotten boyish thrills of the blood. The lines, the very stage directions of "Richard III" recur to the mind: "*Enter the Two Murderers,*" "*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured,*" "*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head,*" or,—

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First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
(*stabs him*)
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within
(*Exit, with the body*).

The Crown Jewels and other implements of sovereignty, in the past so costly in blood to maintain, are now very peacefully exhibited (suffragettes permitting) in the Wakefield Tower near by. There is no need to rhapsodize over these regalia though they are worth seeing. A "fine ruby given to the Black Prince by Peter the Cruel," April 3rd, 1367, as the penny guide informs us, is of course more seeing-worth (in the German phrase) than merely a fine ruby. St. Edward's Staff, King John's Anointing Spoon, Queen Elizabeth's "Salt" and many more such knick-knacks are here to be seen, besides the Crowns and Coronets, that are said to compare unfavorably with kind hearts. The mild Lancastrian King, Henry VI, is said to have been murdered here by Gloucester, who, in Shakespeare's words, had "neither pity, love, nor fear." Murdered or not, however, the Crown Jewels are silent on the matter.

The White Tower, the next station in the usual itinerary of the visitor, is the oldest portion of the fortress. King Alfred's bastions built here in 885 were successors to some Roman fortifications, and William the Conqueror proceeded to build a Keep here in 1078. The roll of Kings and noble prisoners, who have occupied the White Tower, either as

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palace or as prison, would fill a whole Almanach 'de Gotha. It seems a picturesque fact that Longchamp, Richard Cœur de Lion's Regent, enlarged and inhabited the Tower until King John took it away from him in 1191. It is easy to see that the romantic Richard's talents lay not in the domain of administration. He was King of England for one decade, yet he had to get Longchamp to do his ruling for him, while he careered about the world, hob and nobbed with Saladin and "did" time in a German prison. The history of "La Blanche Tour" is a long one, and I cannot here trace it out or name all the Childe Rolands that to this White Tower came, but I must not omit to mention that Christopher Wren, who built almost everything in London except the Tubes, which he left to the late Charles T. Yerkes, had a hand in the Tower as well. In 1709 he put in the present windows to admit more light than Norman barons were accustomed to in their castles. This Castle shows clearly how any Norman King's or gentleman's house could also be his enemy's prison. Home was not home unless it could serve as a jail for rivals and brothers if need were.

St. John's Chapel, to which you are admitted before visiting the armory, seems startlingly new and fresh at first sight, and yet, it was mentioned as early as 1189. The walls of this Chapel, so cold and so gray, and the massive stone pillars and gallery, show what homes these strongholds made. Even now

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England is incredibly uncomfortable in winter for lack of proper heating apparatus. At that time, to use the words of Mr. Loftie's penny guide, in spite of the use of wooden partitions and tapestry, it "must have been miserable as a place of residence." The Royal Residence that once adjoined this Chapel and Tower was pulled down by Cromwell, and only a fragment of it remains in the detached Wardrobe Tower.

The Armories housed in the White Tower are, aside from the regalia, *the* exhibit in the Tower. They include, I should say, a fairly complete encyclopedia, in concrete form, of all imaginable and unimaginable instruments of death and torture. Considerable esthetic taste has gone to the arrangement of these things and you see great roses, rosettes and other forms made of glittering polished swords, bayonets, cutlasses, sabers, what not. The collection was begun by that broad-minded monarch, Henry VIII, and has been added to during virtually every subsequent reign. From the musket of the year one, you may go back to the arquebus or forward to the mauser. The figures, mounted or otherwise, in armor of a vast range of workmanship, make the upper story of the White Tower a museum of chivalry. But there are many other things in this Tower besides arms and armor. A model of the rack, a thumbscrew, the Duke of Wellington's uniform when Constable of the Tower, the cloak Wolfe wore when he died at Quebec,

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the drums of Blenheim, King Edward's funereal gun-carriage, and so on. It is useless to itemize, but interesting to see.

What remains of the visible parts of the Tower, is sad with memorials of death and cruelty. On Tower Green, near to the Parade, upon which you emerge from the White Tower, is the spot where the scaffold stood, and Beauchamp Tower is eloquent with the names of those who were confined therein: the four Dudleys, Philip Howard Arundel, Geoffrey Pole, "Thomas Talbot, 1462," and Dr. Thomas Abel, faithful servant of Katherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's discarded Queen. And the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, mentioned as early as 1210, is a veritable cemetery of queens and noblemen. This chapel, included in the places accessible only upon obtaining a pass from the Governor of the Tower to Raleigh's prison, Guy Fawkes' prison, etc., is nevertheless sometimes shown upon request by the warder. Lord Hastings, who was executed on Tower Green in 1483, Queen Anne Boleyn in 1536, Countess Margaret Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, 1541, Queen Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, 1542, Jane, Viscountess Rochford, 1542, Lady Jane Grey, 1554, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 1601 — all were buried in the chapel of St. Peter. To them this historical museum that we straggle about to see, was a wall of death or the gate of life, according to the state of their souls.

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Just as in Walpole's day all that lay west of Hyde Park Corner was a desert, so to the London City man of to-day all that stretches beyond Aldgate or the Tower is a wilderness. Whitechapel sends a member to Parliament, and the docks and their inhabitants figure amusingly in the tales of W. W. Jacobs. But essentially they are regions beyond the ken of man. I need hardly say that to anyone who takes the trouble to visit Whitechapel and Mile End Road, their importance and vitality will very soon be apparent. They are a world by themselves, a swarming, busy, active world, aggressive and progressive, indifferent yet enormously interested. Mr. Zangwill has described it once for all in "Children of the Ghetto." Others, too, have described it. But in this book it would be out of place. The visitor who steps out of the Underground at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, will be astonished to find himself in the heart of a wholly new London, but it is a London to which I cannot guide him. With a last look, therefore, at the Tower, at the Royal Mint, at Trinity House, we leave this region as a kind of Pillars of Hercules, and hasten back to the West End, which to the dweller in Whitechapel or Houndsditch is remote to unreality.

IX

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TO walk from Charing Cross down Whitehall and its continuation, Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, is to pass through the heart of Kipling's England. Waterloo may have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, and to the Englishman's loyalty is doubtless due the fact that the sun never sets on the British Empire. But if the heart of that Empire is not here in Westminster, it is nowhere. The concrete group of Government offices gives one a strange feeling of human pride. After all, you say, these are only a few buildings, populated, during office hours, by a few thousand men, yet from this half mile (or less) of street, is ruled so large a portion of the habitable globe, that other nations complain of a lack of places in the sun. From the Roman Forum radiated roads to the confines of the Empire. From the Admiralty in Whitehall, by means of the wireless installation we see on the roof, messages are flashed to obedient Dreadnoughts in distant seas. That is better than Rome could do, and quite deserving of Mr. Kipling's poetry. And though one regrets having to compare England

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to Rome so often, England is nevertheless still England, and far from the case of Rome. But this street gives you a notion of how the average Roman felt when he walked through the Forum. He must have felt proud. This is not the Forum, yet it is magnificent. But it is not spectacular.

The Admiralty Arch, which forms the gateway from Charing Cross to St. James's Park, is less an arch than a set of office rooms belonging to the Admiralty. Every French journalist, with the well-known French taste for generalization, no doubt says to himself when first he observes this phenomenon, that to go to Buckingham Palace you pass under the rooms of the Admiralty. The windows of Buckingham face the wireless installation; symbolically the King, himself a sailor, forever contemplates his Navy. And that is largely true. If Whitehall is the heart of Britain, the Admiralty is its vital principle. You cannot take up an English newspaper in this present year of grace without perceiving the immense concern of England for her navy. Two keels to one, gifts of Dreadnoughts by the Colonies, these are the greatest preoccupations of England. And the office space of the Admiralty is simply enormous. It extends into Trafalgar Square by the Arch, far into St. James's Park behind, and fronts upon Whitehall with four tall columns, and one of those gray and glamorous façades so distinctive of London. This and the Horse Guards, with its gray clock tower form

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together the most picturesque part of Whitehall. Both were built in the eighteenth century, which has given them ample time to acquire the national color of gray. Of perennial interest are the two mounted Life Guards at the Horse Guards, with their red coats, shining harness and horse-hair plumes. In Berlin, Vienna or St. Petersburg no one would give them a thought. There, bizarre and chromatic uniforms are common. But for Englishmen it is always a little startling to see fellow Englishmen dressed as for a mask ball. It is even more so for those of us who come from simpler and more democratic countries and colonies overseas. So that a beef-eater in the Tower, a Life-Guard on a black charger, a Lord Mayor in his robes, are positively thrilling phenomena, mainly because they, too, speak English, and are not mere foreigners, to whom masquerading in fancy dress is an everyday natural occurrence.

These two buildings and the Banqueting Hall opposite give all the color to Whitehall. The others are mere office warrens of a very modern pattern, without interest except for the chiefs that rule them. But the banqueting hall suddenly takes you back to the England of the Tudors, to the England of the Stuarts, to Cromwellian days. One is surprised Cromwell did not tear it down, since a Stuart built it. The particular Stuart was James I, and it was to be the regeneration of the ancient Palace of Whitehall, occupied by Henry VIII before the days of St.

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James's. Instead, however, it virtually served as a scaffold for King James's son, Charles I, for out of the second window from the north of this hall Charles marched to his death the morning of January 30, 1649. Whitehall Palace, so often mentioned in Shakespeare's histories, was therefore never rebuilt, and the hall alone remains. It is a military and naval museum now, and the shrewd old soldier who guides you about it happens to think contemptuously of Stuarts. I remember one day borrowing his mirror in order to examine the fine ceiling by Rubens, which represents the Apotheosis of James I.

"That, sir," commented the old soldier, "represents James I going to Heaven — as if," he added in a whisper, "a Stuart could get to Heaven!" Verily, *sic transit!* Charles I conferred knighthood upon Rubens and paid him highly for painting this ceiling, which was to glorify his race, but from under it he merely walked to his death. A tablet outside shows where the scaffold was erected — that much, at least, is left of the Stuarts at Whitehall. But what of the Archbishops of York who owned York House for 250 years before Henry VIII arranged to "take it over" from Wolsey — that prelate of fabulous wealth, who gleamed with red and gold and scarlet, from whose shoes glittered precious diamonds? What of Henry VIII himself and of Anne Boleyn, whom he married here January 25, 1533?

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Nothing remains of them except their memory, and that not glorious. Charles II lived here gayly for a time, but two fires, one in 1691 and another in 1697, swept away all the old part of Whitehall and no one rebuilt it. No more banquets here, such as James I gave to the Spanish Ambassador, whilst the populace admitted to look on, were crying: "Peace! Peace! Peace! God save the King!" After which pious prayer there was bear-baiting and "excellent bull-baiting." The very cockpit of Henry VIII is obliterated. Yet you hear people maintain that human morals do not progress!

The implements of death in the Tower would normally be considered a sufficient exhibit of the kind for one city. But London enjoys the special privilege of the Royal United Service Museum as well. Here, housed in the banqueting hall, you see machine-guns, Maxims, shell and shrapnel, exquisite models of the most modern forms of killing in large numbers. You see a gun made of a drain-pipe by some besieged soldiers of Ladysmith, and you see mortars that were too ambitious to live. Any subaltern or club-smoking-room tactician can study strategy by models of the battle of Waterloo or the fight at Trafalgar, and all can seek inspiration from the relics of General Wolfe, Napoleon, Wellington, Sir John Moore, or Sir John Franklin, the polar hero; and soon there will be relics of that other polar hero of

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our own time, Captain Scott. The place is well worth visiting, and even Mr. Norman Angell can gain information and arguments there.

I have said nothing of the War Office, across Horse Guards' Avenue from the museum, because there is nothing to say. But a tranquil crescent of houses behind the banqueting hall is Whitehall Gardens. Peel lived (and died) there in 1850 at No. 4, as a tablet indicates; and Disraeli dwelt at No. 2, 1873 to 1875, as no tablet indicates, which is regrettable. But that house is now the headquarters of the Imperial Defense Committee, and that in itself is a kind of monument to "Dizzy," for did he not give England a great part of her Empire? Montague House, the town house of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Richmond Terrace continue Whitehall beyond the banqueting hall, and opposite are the offices of the Scottish Lord Advocate, the Treasury and the Privy Council buildings to Downing Street.

Downing Street, I am bound to say, the very name, has always aroused in me a certain thrill of emotion. From No. 10 of that street is governed the British Empire. I was prepared to see a palace. I was disappointed to find a simple, three-storied house, of Georgian blackened brick, such as any fairly paid journalist might inhabit. But one's disappointment is only for a moment. Surely it is magnificent that the head of the Government, the ac-

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tual ruler, the Prime Minister of England should live thus modestly and leave the palaces to South African and other millionaires! And the Chancellor of the Exchequer lives in a precisely similar house adjoining at No. 11. One policeman is on duty before both houses. It is so simple and so fine that citizens of distant republics who think on palaces may well look here for inspiration. It is odd, by the way, that the very name of the street is that of an American, George Downing, who was Ambassador to The Hague under Cromwell and Charles II. Sir Robert Walpole did a fine thing when he urged George II to make 10 Downing Street the Prime Minister's house forever. One wonders what Boswell, once a resident in this street, thought of it all, and what Dr. Johnson said.

The vast building of the Foreign, Colonial, India and Home offices extends from Downing clean to Charles, along Parliament Street, and the Board of Education and Local Government Board complete the street. Opposite is New Scotland Yard, headquarters of the finest police system in the world. No one who comes to England, from whatever country, but must find that his own police compares ill with London's. What makes these stalwart men so much more courteous and quick and cheerful than their brother blue-coats of New York, than the brooding *agents* of Paris, or the tense, irate *policisten* of Berlin? No one has been able to answer this query

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satisfactorily; yet no Londoner, resident or visitor, but feels himself in their debt.

And so we are at the end of Whitehall — Parliament Street, but I cannot pretend to have described it. The broad and noble sweep of it, the haze that overhangs it even in bright sunshine, the curved line of motor 'buses bowling along towards Westminster, with ample margin on either hand, the Government buildings, even the equestrian statue of the Duke of Cambridge — all of these fall into a truly beautiful harmony, peculiar to London, peculiar to England, yet rare, unique. The towers and spires of Westminster make a fitting goal for that broad highway.

Delightful is the sense of breadth and space you get in the region of the Abbey. The towers of St. Margaret's Church and the Abbey, Big Ben on the left and the Victoria Tower at the far end of the Parliament buildings, all form a noble prospect, which the green enclosure with the statues of Peel and Palmerston, Derby and Beaconsfield only enhance. But it was not always so. Some of the worst slums in London once lay in Westminster. Members of Parliament and suitors in the law courts (for anciently the law courts were here) were the only decent citizens of the region. The people were on one occasion described as "of no trade or mystery, poor and wholly given to vice and idleness." It was a great place for "fences" and receivers, and in



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Westminster Bridge, showing "Big Ben"

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James First's time every fourth house was "an ale-house harbouring all sorts of lewd and badde people."

Yet there was always much sanctity about the place, for even St. Margaret's, the parish church that stands facing you north of the Abbey, was (traditionally) founded by Edward the Confessor, and is at least eight hundred years old. As for the Abbey, Sebert, the Saxon King, is said to have founded it as early as 616, and in the Chapter House you may actually see the document (dated 978) by which King Edgar granted the Abbey "five hides of land," though, of course, Edward the Confessor is the real creator of the Abbey. But even that is nine hundred years ago. Nevertheless a low population gathered round the sacred places, round the Sanctuary that stood beyond the Abbey, and where now lie the trim streets, once lay chaos. It was perhaps as well for these "lewd and badde people" not to be too far away from Sanctuary. But in the light of these facts the cry at the end of the daily session of Parliament, "Who goes home?" is not surprising. Members were afraid to go home in the dark, and walked in troops with lanthorns and link-boys. We remember that many of the Paternosters round St. Paul's were no less rascals than those surrounding the Abbey. I cannot explain it.

But to return to St. Margaret's. Its proximity to the Abbey often causes it to be neglected by vis-

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itors. Yet it contains the tomb and effigy of Sir Walter Raleigh with this appealing inscription, in itself deserving homage: "Reader, should you reflect on his errors, Remember his many virtues, And that he was a mortal." At crowded Sunday services the chairs of the worshipers surround the kneeling effigy of Sir Walter and the noble knight seems very humble and devout in his attitude. Milton's second marriage took place here, and the wife of that marriage, as well as her infant daughter, lie buried beneath this church. Two other English poets were married here, Waller and Thomas Campbell, to say nothing of Samuel Pepys, whose wife and whose life we come to know so well in the diary. But to know Pepys we must go to the Pepysian library, at Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Dons of that excellent little college are very kind to students of Pepysiana, though I believe they deplore the diarist's morals. St. Margaret's possesses a fine stained-glass window, representing the Crucifixion, with a romantic history. The town of Dordrecht, Holland, presented it to Henry VII, but Henry VIII, who inherited it before its recipient could erect it, gave it to Waltham Abbey, which he soon thereafter dissolved. It passed through many hands subsequently, including Queen Elizabeth's, Oliver Cromwell's and General Monk's. It was buried during the Revolution for fear of the Roundheads, and later disinterred. But not till 1758 did it find its place at St. Margaret's. There

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are many more modern windows here to Caxton (who is buried in the church), to Milton (gift of George W. Childs), to Raleigh, and to Phillips Brooks, provided by Americans, to Sir Thomas Erskine May, and so on. The walls are covered with ancient monuments and tablets. Altogether it is a delightful church to wander in.

Entering Westminster Abbey by the North Transept you would feel at once, even if you knew nothing of its story, that you are in the Valhalla of England. The Monument of the elder William Pitt arrests your gaze at the very doors, and you find yourself surrounded by statues and monuments of the Duke of Newcastle, George Canning, Beaconsfield, Palmerston, Castlereagh, Gladstone, and many statesmen less known to us than these. And unless one's ambitions are moderate, bewilderment begins at this point. The half cannot be told — certainly not in one chapter of a book — nor can it be seen in a solitary visit. It is difficult to see everything by yourself and it is not easy to follow the rapid, stereotyped remarks of the black-gowned vergers. You are oppressed by a feeling that their time is money, and even in the chapels they are far too brief and pressing. The best plan in my experience is to purchase the "Pall Mall Gazette" sixpenny "Guide" a day or two before and to become familiar with its contents. After that the Abbey will seem a little less chaotic. The great names of

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England and the world look down upon you from every foot of space, or up from the pavement.

In the West aisle of this north transept you come upon Warren Hastings, Richard Cobden, Sir Henry Maine, Lord Halifax. And strolling down the aisle of the nave on the same side of the church you find William Wilberforce, the foe of slavery, the tomb and the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, the grave of Lord Kelvin and the great black slabs in the pavement over the remains of the astronomer Herschel and of Charles Darwin. "O Rare Ben Jonson" lies, or rather stands (for he was buried standing) in about the middle of the North Aisle, and beyond him are Hunter, Lyell, the geologist, Charles James Fox, Viscount Howe, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian, and William Pitt, who was not only a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.

Crossing to the opposite side, which is the old baptistry, you find a miniature Poets' Corner with windows to Cowper and Herbert, with monuments to Charles Kingsley, to Dr. Thomas Arnold and his son Matthew, to Keble and to Wordsworth. The long line of the South Aisle contains many names to enumerate which would make a catalogue. I shall only mention those of Congreve, the dramatist, Major André, John Wesley, Godfrey Kneller and Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Of course many of these, as

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Wordsworth and Wesley, are buried elsewhere. In the middle of the nave are the tombs of David Livingstone, Archbishop Trench, Robert Stephenson, the engineer, Sir James Outram, the soldier, Lord Lawrence and many others.

This brings one to the South Transept and to what is to many of us the most interesting spot in the Abbey—the Poet's Corner. The worst of tombs and graves is, that in describing them you cannot help falling into the tone of the cicerone, with the stereotyped phrases. But in the Poet's Corner all order is suspended, and the only way you could enumerate the names is to shoot them out of a cannon's mouth. The space is small and the huddle of tombs and memorials is great, which gives an air of bewildering confusion. If it is indeed a poet's corner, you wonder what John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, is doing there with a huge and elaborate tomb by Roubiliac. But this is like any other society: you always find a few outsiders and *cabotins*. But the poets are there for all that (with certain notable lacunæ) from Chaucer to Tennyson. Chaucer's remains had not far to travel, for he dwelt before his death in a cottage that stood where Henry VII's Chapel now stands. The busts of Dryden and Longfellow greet you in the most luminous spot of the Corner, near the gates of the Ambulatory, and just beyond them is the sixteenth century tomb

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of Chaucer with a fine window above it. The chronological order of a library or a picture-gallery is obviously out of the question here, so you must find those canonized in your heart among the many not so canonized, among the many you possibly never heard of. In a row of slabs in front of Chaucer's tomb you find the graves of Cowley, Browning, Tennyson and Denham. You would perhaps prefer, say, Keats and Shelley or Keats and Chatterton to occupy the places of Cowley and Denham, but so it is. Spencer, "prince of poets," is also buried near Chaucer, and it was Spencer's tomb that fixed the name of this spot as the Poet's Corner. You go on discovering the graves of Dickens, Sheridan, Garrick, Macaulay, of Handel, the musician, whose wonderful march from "Saul" we heard so beautifully played on the Abbey organ only the other day at the White-law Reid memorial service. You find memorials to Johnson, Goldsmith, Irving, Southey, Burns, Thackeray, Coleridge, and the somewhat crouching and contracted figure of Shakespeare, erected in 1740. Shakespeare seems unfortunate in his monuments. The one at Southwark is not much better. But, as Milton said:

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in pil'd stones?

And Shakespeare rests at Stratford ("Cursed be he that moves my bones!"), Milton, as we have seen, at St. Giles, Thackeray in Kensal Green, and Gold-

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smith in the Temple. The labor of an age in piled stones was unnecessary to them.

Concerning the chapels of the Abbey and their tombs books have been and might still be written. Yet here I can say but little concerning them. You cannot wander among them alone. You must, except on Mondays and Tuesdays, pay sixpence admission, and whether you pay or not, a guide accompanies and lectures to you. There is nothing wrong with that, if only he gave you more time to examine the tombs. But for the most part it is a swift journey, like that of an express train. Three of the finest old tombs in the Abbey are outside the chain of chapels. I mean those of Aveline of Lancaster, of her husband Edmund Crouchback, founder of the house of Lancaster, and of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, once the owner of the Temple, after the Templars were expelled from it. These tombs were all erected in the fourteenth century, in the finest Gothic style we know anything about. The portrait of Richard II, a much restored and much tampered-with picture, but nevertheless the oldest contemporary portrait of an English sovereign in existence, is also in the Sanctuary. Close by the gate of the South Ambulatory is the tomb of King Sebert, who died about 616, which the guide is in too much of a hurry to show you. And then, it should be said, there is some doubt of the authenticity of this tomb. But so many thoroughly authenti-

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cated kings and queens lie in the chapels which follow, that a Saxon king more or less matters little.

Think how many Royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones,

sang Francis Beaumont, in his day, contemplating the Abbey. And if I were the King, bent on perpetuating my line, I should close the Abbey chapels. Still, perhaps it is as well to show them, in order to prove over and over that royal bones have no advantage whatsoever over others.

With the very first chapel shown begins that series of names famous in British history that makes this portion of the Abbey so impressive. Here in St. Edmund's lie the Earl of Shrewsbury, Edward Talbot, and his Countess; William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, father of Aymer; the little brother and sister of the Black Prince with tiny figures of them in alabaster placed there in 1340, at a cost of 20 shillings, and strangely enough, Bulwer Lytton, the voluminous author of "The Lady of Lyons" and so many other books and plays. Under what is considered the finest brass in the Abbey lies Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester, whose husband was murdered at the order of Richard II in 1397. The brass does not look as though it had been there over five hundred years, and yet it has.

The oldest tomb in the next chapel, of St. Nicholas, is that of Philippa, Duchess of York, whose hus-

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band died on the field at Agincourt. Other remarkable tombs there are; those of Lady Burleigh (died 1589) wife of the great Burleigh (he himself is buried at Stamford); of Sir George and Lady Villiers, a veritable altar erected by their son, the famous and infamous Buckingham of James I and Charles I; and the vault of the Percy family, of the blood of Hotspur, which still has the right to be buried in the Abbey, irrespective of the Dean's or the public's wishes.

These chapels, however, seem but as accessories to the great chapel of Henry VII, "the wonder of the world," as it has been called, which occupies more space than all the rest put together. I, for my part, believe that Rome and Florence have finer old monuments to show, but I cannot thrill at the names of Popes or Medici as at these ancient British names. Besides, I doubt if all Europe can show such a ceiling as this in Henry VII's chapel. Washington Irving speaks of "the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb," and a later writer compares it to lace. Torrigiano, a fellow pupil of Michael Angelo, is responsible for some of the sculpture here, but I know not who made the ceiling, except that it must have been of Italian workmanship, though an English mason, Robert Vertue, is said to be the designer of the chapel. Lace, cobweb — the comparisons are equally apt and equally vague. One must see it to learn what can be, what

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once could be, wrought in stone. It was a belief of Henry VII that if he built a splendid place of sepulture for himself and his family, the new Tudor line which he was establishing on the throne would be more solidly fixed in England. His own tomb was carved by the imported Torrigiano, and everything from the bronze gates to the ceiling was made studiously beautiful.

In many respects the most popularly interesting tomb in the south aisle of the chapel, is that of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was buried after her execution at Peterborough Cathedral. But when her son, James I, came to the throne of England, he had the remains brought to Westminster and built a tomb for her as elaborate as that which holds Queen Elizabeth in the north aisle opposite, also erected by him. In each case a marble effigy lies under a canopy upon a heavy sarcophagus. Many princes and princesses lie in Queen Mary's vault, including *the* Prince Rupert, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I, and eighteen children of Queen Anne, only one of whom survived infancy, and he died at eleven years of age. To me the most notable tomb in the south aisle is that of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. The effigy shows the excellent character of the woman; she founded two colleges, Christ's and St. John's at Cambridge, endowed the Chairs in Divinity in both Universities, and to this day forty poor

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widows every week receive two loaves of bread and two pence at the Abbey through this Countess's charity. In the Chapter House I saw her household account-book, and I am not surprised to learn that to her "the King, her son, owed everything." Richly does she deserve the Torrigiano tomb in which she has slept some four hundred years and odd. Other royal remains, in the mortuary phrase, awaiting the resurrection here, are those of Charles II, William and Mary, Queen Anne and General Monk.

Dean Stanley, that indefatigable student of the Abbey, has a chapel almost to himself, and the Cromwell vault beyond, you are told, is empty since the bones of the Protector were violently desecrated upon the Restoration. But the descendants of Charles II cluster thickly in the self-same Chapel, and as for the (favorite) Duke of Buckingham, he has an entire chapel to himself with an elaborate monument abounding in sculptured women weeping and children praying in what would now be called a very rococo style.

The tomb of Henry VII himself (and of his Queen Elizabeth of York) in this upper part of the chapel, was well worth all the effort and money that Henry expended upon it. The bronze effigies, the black marble, the frieze and the figures are of admirable workmanship. James I liked it so much that he had himself buried in the vault beneath. The altar is in

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front of the tomb and before the altar lies Edward VI. George II and Queen Caroline are buried further down the nave with no more memorials than their names upon the paving stones, and many of the progeny of the House of Hanover fill the rest of the nave. The tomb of the little princes murdered in the Tower adjoins Buckingham's grandiose chapel and Queen Elizabeth's resting-place, further down the north Ambulatory, has already been mentioned. Addison, under a gray slab with bronze lettering, sleeps at the very threshold of this north aisle, so that you cannot help walking over his grave every time you leave this chapel.

Edward the Confessor's Chapel, shown after Henry VII's, is the shrine of the Abbey, and more than two centuries older than the other. Plantagenet Kings lie grouped about the Confessor's tomb, and the Plantagenet Henry III himself, and his two sons, bore the saint's coffin on their shoulders, October 13, 1269, to this new resting-place, where it has since remained. And Henry III lies opposite St. Edward with the Confessor's Queen, Editha, between them. Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots, who brought the "stone of destiny" to England and his Queen Eleanor, for whom Charing Cross, and the other crosses were built, sleeps on the same side. Opposite are Edward III, his Queen Philippa, who saved the burgesses of Calais, and Richard II, last of the Plantagenet line. Henry V under a headless wooden ef-

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figy, sleeps in the Chantry Chapel near by, with the sword, shield and saddle he used at Agincourt raised on a beam above him. Katherine de Valois, his Queen, who spoke such pretty French in Shakespeare's play, is not far away. The coronation chair, with the Stone of Scone, or of Destiny, inside it, is also kept in the same chapel. Every king since Edward Longshanks has sat in it, yet it looks like a durable piece of furniture despite the thousand initials carved upon it and the general wear and tear.

Other chapels contain other tombs, but if one is not very careful one may grow as morbidly avaricious of tombs as of jewels or postage stamps. I shall enumerate no more here, despite the fact that many remain, even in the cloisters. And the cloisters lead one to the Chapter House (once the only house of Parliament England possessed) which is simply a treasure house of ancient documents, royal seals and what not. That is one thing which makes England so romantic to those of English speech. The very growth of the speech itself may almost be traced in the Chapter House. You may see there a document of the Mercian King Offa (dated 785); a letter of John O' Gaunt; documents of Caxton, Wynken de Worde; of John Milton, father of the poet; and of John Dryden, the poet. And strangely enough a tablet to James Russell Lowell is dimly visible in the dark doorway.

The Jerusalem Chamber, whither Henry IV was
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carried after his seizure while praying in a niche of the Confessor's shrine, is not shown because, as the porter's daughter put it, the Dean has it for his own private use. The Dean also has an outlook upon that haunt of peace, Dean's Yard, out of which an old Gothic arch leads to the famous Westminster School, that has educated so many notable Englishmen, including Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Hakluyt, Dryden, Locke, Sir Christopher Wren, Cowper, Gibbon, Warren Hastings, Bentham and Southey. The red granite column just west of the Abbey is said to stand upon the site of Caxton's house, but Sir Walter Besant fixes the spot within the limits of the present Westminster Palace Hotel. Outside Dean's Yard begins Victoria Street, a broad and busy thoroughfare full of shops, flats and office buildings. It is worth following at least as far as Ashley Place, in order to get a sight of the new Catholic Cathedral (1902) with its speckled appearance of red brick and gray stone. A new cathedral, however, is like a new violin or new wine.

The Houses of Parliament I have kept until the last because they loom so large that I expected them to close this chapter like a national anthem. And now that I have reached them, I am suddenly dumb. Stand upon Westminster Bridge at midnight,—or at any other time — and look upon the broadside of towers, stone and spires, and you are overwhelmed by the massiveness and seeming dignity of the ensemble.

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But somehow upon nearer examination you find nothing to thrill you. The whole vast fabric has been built since 1840, and at times it gives you the effect of being sadly out of drawing. It seems as though the architect forgot his scale and began afresh from time to time on a new scale. Yet it is very impressive at a distance, and Westminster Hall cannot lose its historical associations. Here stood Charles I receiving his death sentence, here were condemned More and Essex and Strafford. Any one may visit the Houses of Parliament on Saturdays; that is to say, by the time this book appears, I hope anyone will be again able to visit them on Saturdays. At the moment a fear of the militant suffragettes has caused the visits to be forbidden. The rooms, lobbies, and halls of the Lords and the Commons are normally shown. But the most interesting features to the stranger are, of course, the sessions of the Peers and the Commons and their debates. Shortly before writing this I went to hear Mr. Arthur Balfour speak upon the Home Rule Bill. No one who has not heard him can imagine the seeming artlessness of his oratory. Very suave and polished and kindly it seems, full of genuine politeness to his opponents, much as a man might converse at a dinner table. The benches are ranged lengthwise on either side of the House, with the Speaker's desk in the middle, which helps to give an effect of privacy, almost of intimacy. Had it not been for a

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little retort by Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, the Socialist Labor leader, to a certain "noble Lord," recalling to mind the speeches of Burke, I might have thought I had stumbled into a private debating club. Mr. Balfour, however, is one of the few who can give these causeries any charm. For the most part the tameness is unrelieved. England, with all her glorious past, seems on every hand to be crying out for a glorious present and a glorious future. In every street there is poverty and misery stabbing at your heart. Emigration to Canada, Australia and the other colonies continues apace. But the House of Commons is mildly debating upon Welsh Disestablishment! Surely the awakening cannot be far off.

X

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I.

GREAT quarto and other volumes have been written upon the National Gallery of London. To put it, therefore, within the confines of a chapter seems quite sacrilegious. But even that sacrilege is difficult of commission, because the National Gallery, so long as I have known it, is always being re-hung. At this instant five rooms are being refitted and the pictures are huddled in the basement. The rest of the gallery has been rearranged so recently that the last current edition of Baedeker and other guide-books and catalogues are superseded. That is, of course, an excellent sign, for it indicates a vigorous development; but for the visitor who aims to examine the entire Gallery, and not merely to gaze at a few old friends, the path is beset with difficulties. He finds all guides incorrect and full of seeming lacunæ, though, on the other hand, he stumbles upon new treasures as I did the other day upon a new Raphael (2919), a Procession to Calvary, acquired in the spring of 1913

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— a small, but beautiful picture, full of the touches that make the master dear to us.

I wonder what London would do without the National Gallery! Sometimes, on gloomy, wretched, foggy days, it seems almost as though the brilliant life and vivid colors of the Raphaels, the Correggios, the Venetians, must pierce the gloom like fires and assure Englishmen that there is sunlight still somewhere upon earth! The success of Browning's poetry in England must be largely due to the same craving for color and life that the National Gallery to some extent satisfies. What with trysting lovers and American sightseers, the Gallery is as much frequented as any in Europe. It contains (if you count the Pope Julius II, a copy of the one in Florence) no less than seven Raphaels, whereas even the Pitti Palace, with its famous Raphael room, has only eight.

Fain would I set down one by one the pictures in each room, but the most that I can do here is to indicate a few of them in a cursory glance. (And I trust no one will mistake my elementary comments for "criticism," since I am neither Mr. Berenson nor mad.) Room I, as you enter it, startles you with a flood of color and splendid work, and at once transports you to Italy. Florence and the Vatican alone can match this collection of masterpieces in one comparatively small chamber. Paolo Uccello, he who loved perspective so much

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that he would not go to bed for absorption in it, has a battle-scene here (1416) with perspective to his heart's content. But the most interesting paintings are doubtless those by the two Lippi, Lippo and Filippino, father and son. Lippo has a splendid Annunciation (589) to say nothing of two other religious canvases (these pictures are nearly all religious), and Filippino's Adoration of the Magi (1033) has been long attributed to Botticelli, and is so still upon the label. The Madonna and Child with two Saints (293) is perhaps the best of Filippino's work in this Gallery, and No. 667, John the Baptist and six other Saints, is possibly the most perfect of his father's work here. Piero di Cosimo's Death of Procris (698) and Botticelli's Portrait of a Young Man (626) are each in their way unforgettable. Equally so is his Virgin and Child (275), one of the tenderest of all the Madonnas, though not starred by Baedeker. The two following it, Mars and Venus (915) and the Nativity (1034), both starred, are great pictures also, but they interest you less. The truth is, in a great gallery like the National, even the masterpieces are engaged in a sort of struggle for existence — for your attention. And it is odd what things survive. The smallest among the Raphaels in Room VI, the Vision of a Knight (213),—showing him in a dream that he must choose in this world, and choose early, between pleasure and glory,—remains unfading in

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your memory. No doubt the Child of Urbino, as the painter has been sentimentally called, must have made the choice long before he came to Rome where his own glory came to him so brimmingly.

Room II is almost wholly given over to triptychs and altar-pieces by Orcagna and Benozzo Gozzoli. One Fra Angelico (1406), an Annunciation, is hung too high, and Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi (592), though not a large picture, contains a whole world of life and color. Room III contains some beautiful Ghirlandajos and Andrea del Sartos and Room IV, though closed for re-hanging as I write, did and probably will again contain Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna, a copy of "La Vierge aux Rochers" of the Louvre. I need hardly say it contains much else besides.

Baedeker, I see, recommends a visit to Room XXV (now XXIX), to the Guido Reni * and Correggio pictures before proceeding to the Raphaels. In that I am bound to say I disagree. One cannot assume unlimited time on the part of the reader, and where time is limited the Raphaels in Room VI should certainly be seen first, even if the rest must be slurred. It would doubtless be an error to omit Correggio's Mercury Instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus (10), or his Ecce Homo (15), and most of us would willingly give Raphael's Pope Julius II for either of them. But all the same

* The Guido Reni pictures are now in Room XXVII.



One of Landseer's Lions and the National Gallery

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Room VI is of the first importance. The Vision of a Knight (213) already mentioned, and the Cartoon for it, hanging just below, together form a whole curriculum in the art of great painting. The Madonna degli Ansdei (1171), accounted the greatest Raphael in this gallery, is a masterpiece of drawing and color, as perfect as any of this master's — here or in Italy. It cost the Gallery, we are told in the guide-books, £70,000. To me, however, it does not compare in appeal with the Dresden Madonna; but I am afraid that Dresden Madonna is my King Charles's head. But even here there are things upon which one may linger. There is that Vision of a Knight; there is the St. Catherine of Alexandria (168), truly magical painting, and even the so-called Garvagh Madonna (744), which seems so much more a shrine and altar to maternity than the larger picture. Of the Procession to Calvary (2919) I have already spoken, and the Madonna of the Tower cannot be passed over. The Circumcision, by Luca Signorelli (1128), an exquisite group picture, is well worthy of this room.

The long hall known as Room VII is filled with Venetians, from rare Giorgiones to broad canvases of Veronese, that remind you of the walls and ceilings of the Doge's Palace, where that prolific artist printed as lavishly. Titian, Tintoretto and Sebastiano del Piombo shine forth from the sides of this room as do the Raphaels from the one adjoining.

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One of the most beautiful Holy Families in the gallery (and there are many here) is that of Titian (No. 4), and his Ariosto is both a poet and a little mad. The glowing vitality of his Bacchus and Ariadne (35) floods that side of the room with movement and color. All nature seems to participate. But Sebastiano del Piombo's Raising of Lazarus (No. 1), as far as the Antipodes in theme from the Bacchus, in a manner vies with that picture. This, too, is full of life, of wild mortal wonder and admiration of the miracle. Titian's Venus and Adonis (37) will be remembered for the same reason that Shakespeare's poem on the subject remains in the memory, and Tintoretto's Origin of the Milky Way (1313) is equally unforgettable. The opposite wall holds some Moroni portraits, including the famous Moroni Tailor (697), that all the world has delighted in for centuries. Among the works of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini on this wall is the "masterly portrait" (189) as Ruskin called it, by Giovanni, of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, almost as famous as the Tailor. Both Doge and Tailor were wise in their choice of painters — if the tailor had a choice. And no one should pass over Giovanni Bellini's Madonna of the Pomegranate (280). Room VIII has some Mantegnas, but the place to see Mantegna is at Hampton Court. This room is dedicated to Crevelli, and Crevelli's Madonnas are worth seeing, though I cannot pretend to have spent much

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time over them. Room IX is filled particularly with the art of Veronese and of that lover of the open, Canaletto. No one has so faithfully painted the Grand and other canals of Venice as Canaletto, and a visit to these pictures, could it be combined with sunshine, would prove almost equivalent to drifting in a gondola in that glorious city. The foremost picture of Veronese here is (294) the Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander. Ruskin called it the most precious Paul Veronese in the world, and even the Venetian clothes of Darius and his family fail to impair the beauty of the picture. The young Alexander looks remarkably like a young patrician Englishman of the time when young patrician Englishmen pursued glory rather than pleasure.

The Dutch and Flemish pictures in the National Gallery form a magnificent collection as rich and varied as the French and German is small and insignificant. Rembrandt is splendidly represented with no less than seventeen works, and Van Dyck, Rubens, Hals and De Hooch, not to mention Cuyp, Hobbema and Ruysdael, quite hold their own. These, like the Italians, have been repeatedly rehung, and the Rembrandts, long in Room X, are now in Room XIV. Van Dyck and Rubens now dominate Room X. The Equestrian portrait of Charles I arrests your gaze immediately as you enter, and so completely altered is the scene and atmosphere after

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the Tuscans, Umbrians and Venetians, that it is best not to look upon the Dutch on the same day. Even the horse that Charles bestrides is so aristocratic in appearance that one can readily understand Oliver Cromwell's distaste for the entire picture. He sold it from Somerset House, where it originally hung, for £150, but the Duke of Marlborough found it in Munich a couple of generations later and brought it back to England. As to the portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest (52) it is surpassed by perhaps no other in the gallery. Here also are a number of Van Dycks from the collection of Lord Wharton as well as a series of paintings by Rubens, who seems to have filled nearly every gallery in Europe and America with his work. The *Chapeau de Poile* (852), a wonderful rendering of a lady with a hat, always on students' days has many easels before it. Others here that appeal to the imagination are the *Rape of the Sabines* (38), *The Triumph of Silenus* (853), *The Judgment of Paris* (194), and the *Triumph of Julius Cæsar* (278) after Mantegna's Cartoons. One cannot imagine living with Rubens canvases anywhere but in a palace. The genre-pictures of David Teniers, his pupil, however, are lovely harmonies, like the *Old Woman peeling a Pear* (805), or the *Musical Party* (154) which to see is to covet for our own particular dwelling-place. But my own covetings in pictures are perhaps absurdly humble. It is not Raphael's *Madonna degli*

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Ansdei that I would carry away with me; that I am content to leave in the gallery. But Peter de Hooch's *Interior of a Dutch House* (834) I would hang where my daily life flows on, as a symbol of, and an inspiration to, peace and tranquillity.

The Rembrandts are, as has been said, in Room XIV, and the last time I was there you could not see the pictures for the easels and the students that swarmed about them. These students are of all ages from seventeen to seventy, and it explains why so many color and brush dealers flourish in great cities. The fecundity of genius has always been a source of wonder. Granted a man is capable of perfection — once, sometimes. But how can one man be capable of so much perfection? Hazlitt in his eloquent essay on "Genius" endeavors to explain it. "So much," he says, "do Rembrandt's pictures savor of the soul and body of reality, that the thoughts seem identical with the objects — if there had been the least question what he should have done, or how he should do it, or how far he had succeeded, it would have spoiled everything." Reality is the key — it is, so to speak, enshrined in the Dutch pictures, but particularly in Rembrandt. I need not number them, for they are unmistakable. The brilliant sketch of a *Woman Bathing* faces you and glows from the wall — when there are not three easels in front of it. And those portraits, so simple-seeming, the despair of copyists, that hold you spell-

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bound like a drama or fine romance! But it is reality, the greatest of all romances. "The Old Lady," "The Jew Merchant," "The Old Man," "The Rabbi," "The Burgomaster," "The Portrait of a Woman," "Tobias and the Angel"—I need not enumerate them. I always look at the Cimabue Madonna in the vestibule outside, but the Rembrandt Room is where I spend what time I have for pictures, for this is reality, life. And many another picture by the masters that fill these Dutch and Flemish rooms comes very near to Rembrandt in finish, insight and power. It is only for reasons of space that no more of them are mentioned, and, after all, the best enumerator is the official catalogue. For given a certain experience, who can tell us what we ought to like? Upon some masterpieces, however, all the world is agreed. That is what constitutes the classics in every art—the universal agreement upon their worth.

Velasquez is another of those objects of universal agreement. There is not much of his work outside of Spain, yet Stafford House, Grosvenor House, Dorchester House and Apsley House have some of it, the Wallace Collection has more, and the National Gallery owns at least nine of his pictures. The Admiral Pulido-Pareja (1315) is undoubtedly the greatest Velasquez in the National Gallery, and the Philip IV (1129), the "Rokeby" Venus (2057) and the Boar Hunt (197) are scarcely inferior. The

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Boar Hunt is really a picture of all Spain in the painter's time. The Betrothal (1434), and the Sketch of a Duel in the Prado (1376) as well as the two religious pictures, Christ at the Column (1148) and Christ in the House of Martha (1375) are other notable examples in the list of Velasquez. Murillo's Holy Family, A Boy Drinking, and three other fine paintings, as well as some by Zurbaran, Lo Spagnoletto and one or two others, complete this marvelous Spanish room.

Across the vestibule, in the left wing, is that great assemblage of English names that are perhaps more intimately familiar to us than those we have left behind: Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Crome, Constable, Lawrence, Turner — almost all that makes up the history of British art. Turner, to be sure, is best seen at the Tate Gallery, almost half of which is devoted to his titanic output. But in the works of the others the National Gallery is rich almost beyond the dream of avarice. Often I have wandered about among the Italians, and even among the Dutch painters, feeling that after all I was an alien to them. But among the English masters you feel yourself at home. The painters and their subjects are all part and parcel of English history,— of the Anglo-Saxon background. I do not know exactly how to class Holbein's Ambassadors and Christina of Denmark. From their position in the gallery (Room XX) they are regarded

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as English pictures, but actually, I suppose, Holbein is one of the few Germans which the gallery possesses. But his neighbors here are Lely, Ramsay, and Hogarth with a series of pictures so human that even inferior painting can be forgiven him. The captivating Shrimp Girl (1162), the portraits of "Polly Peacham" (1161), his sister, his servants and himself, including the realistic novel that is embodied in the six pictures entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, are all of the essence of England. Crome's *Mousehold Heath* (689) in Room XXI is ranked by some as the finest of English pictures. I am not learned enough in these matters to add my opinion, but to me the English country-side in all its generous verdure and in all its tenderness, unlike any other in the world, is magically depicted by men like Crome, Gainsborough, Constable, Wilson, all of whom may be studied in this and the following rooms. Room XXII contains some famous Turners, but, as I have said, the Tate Gallery, is his proper home. As for Room XXV, it is filled with the portraits of Reynolds; the Dr. Johnson that we know so well from numerous photogravures, the Admiral Keppel, the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, and how many more besides! All are of interest, even to the least of them! Of the French collection in Rooms XXVI and XXVIII I shall not speak at length, for it is comparatively unimportant. You see a Corot or two, a Claude, a Nicolas Poussin and Rosa Bonheur's

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spirited Horse Fair, which quite overshadows some of its neighbors.

II.

Of the National Portrait Gallery I hardly dare to say anything in the midst of a chapter. It is one of the finest things that London has to offer and, to my thinking, one of the most interesting galleries in the world. It assembles under one roof the sort of collection that in other countries is diffused throughout the land. It is as characteristic, as unique in its way, as Westminster Abbey. Every one of the sixteen hundred or so of portraits here is of interest, though of course comparatively few are masterpieces of portraiture. But one scarcely asks for that. What, for instance, does it matter whether or not Hazlitt's portrait of his friend Charles Lamb, that dark, boyish, whimsical face, is or is not equal to, say, Van Dyck's Queen Henrietta as a work of art? A graceful and a bewitching portrait is that of Charles First's Queen, but I would rather gaze on the face of Lamb. The bust of Thackeray as a schoolboy rejoices you more than Kneller's Sarah Jennings, and I would rather see Phillips's Blake or Severn's Keats than early Hanoverian Kings by abler hands. And to look upon the "Chandos" Shakespeare is suddenly to rise in stature and self-esteem. This portrait, so convincingly insignificant, will make any one of us believe

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that he could have written Shakespeare's plays if only he had the mind! Here, too, you may discover why Ben Jonson bore so great a reputation as a wit (his mocking mouth tells the tale), and why so fine a brain as Bacon's stooped to meanness: to descend from a sire like Sir Nicholas Bacon (judging from his porcine features in the portrait) was a heavy handicap even for Verulam. How amazed you are to find that Bunyan looks so precisely like your butcher, and how uncanny is the resemblance of Henry VIII to those sleek, mud-loving fishes seldom seen alive anywhere except in the Naples Aquarium! All these and hundreds more reveal their lives to you in the Portrait Gallery. I should regard it as a privation not to know the National Gallery, but not to have seen the National Portrait Gallery in London would be no less than a calamity.

III.

The Tate Gallery would have satisfied the aspirations of a Cecil Rhodes. English, all English, that was his dream, and that is the Tate Gallery. Largely, it is, so Mr. E. V. Lucas says, as though a procession of old Academies had filed through, and some of these old Academies, I may add, resemble the new Academies. But Mr. Lucas wrote before the Turner wing was added, which makes a deal of difference. To-day to know Turner, perhaps the greatest impressionist the world has produced, you

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must go to the Tate. Nine rooms, no less, are given over to this vast collection of one man's work; the very bulk of it is over-powering. But it has a profounder interest, indeed, a too profound interest. It tends to dwarf the rest of the gallery, and even Watts, with an entire room to himself, seems puny by comparison. Perhaps, however, that is only just.

Sir Henry Tate, who presented the building to the nation as the inscription on his bust reads, in thanksgiving for a prosperous business career of sixty years, chose one of the dreariest spots in London for his gift. The drab waterfront of Pimlico, in the region of Vauxhall Bridge, extends on either side, and the fine Corinthian columns face no more aesthetically minded folk than the decayed watermen of the crawling river-barges, and the occasional stevedore of the region. Yet some of the most interesting pictures in England are housed in the Tate, and what with Whistler, Turner and Watts, some of the best. Leaving Turner aside for the moment, interest certainly predominates over merit. Twice, for instance, appears that excellent pair, *My Uncle Toby* and *the Widow Wadman*, and once *Yorick, buying gloves from the grisette in Paris*. *Beatrice is knighting Henry Esmond*, with the very look of the *Trix* we know, admire and dislike; and the portrait of *Mrs. William Morris* by Rossetti shows us what an influence that lady's exquisite fea-

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tures must have had on the entire pre-Raphaelite school. These are personalities rather than great art, but who has ever pretended that we of this age are not interested in personalities? Similarly, one would hardly class the three or four Blake pictures in Room I with the great Italians. But the allegorical picture of man's existence and the spiritual form of Pitt (1110) are highly interesting to the student of Blake, if not to the student of art. There are here canvases of Eastlake, Landseer, Mulready, Burne-Jones, already known to most of us from numerous reproductions. Baedeker, for instance, declines to star No. 1771 in Room III, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. But we star it for ourselves, none the less, for such beauty as it has touches us in deeper quarters than mere cold appreciation. We know the legend and perhaps Tennyson's poem from childhood, and that is a powerful magnifying lens for merit. These rooms are filled with many pictures of like appeal. Rossetti's *Ancilla Domini*, his *Mariana*, who was none other than Mrs. William Morris (the actual portrait is also here), the *Beata Beatrix* (1279) who was really the painter's own wife, lost to him in 1862; Ford Madox Brown's *Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet* (1394), Millais' *Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1691) and Fred Walker's *Harbour of Refuge* (1391) or *The Vagrants* (1209) — these are some of the old friends we meet and greet in this gallery.

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Fred Walker, in turn, reminds us of Little Billee, for do we not remember the two young geniuses playing at cup and ball as drawn by Du Maurier in "Trilby"? There are no pictures labeled "William Bagot," but surely Little Billee's work is here. It must be here. And therein lies our interest in this gallery. Now and then, to be sure, you meet a masterpiece that is one of its own right, such as Whistler's *Old Battersea Bridge* (1959), a poem in colors, a nocturne, a fantasy, yet as real as the bridge itself.

The vast array of the Turners requires a book to itself, and I shall not even pretend to enumerate them. I have said they are overwhelming, but that is a vague word. They have the peculiarity of actually modifying your way of looking on life, on nature, on the past. Look upon the *Dido and Æneas*, and you will never more picture Dido's realm but in Turner's terms, nor will Hannibal cross the Alps but as Turner painted that dreadful epic, and the "Fighting Temeraire" or the *Death of Nelson* will cling to and modify your imagination. The Thames scenes, the sea pieces, the landscapes, all seem to be the work of a giant.

G. F. Watts, with his more obvious and premeditated aim at greatness, has painted a series of large and interesting pictures, but they are far from affecting you like the Turners. He stopped at nothing in choosing his themes, and in the Watts Room (XVII)

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you find large canvases with such titles as *The All-pervading, Chaos, Love and Life, Death Crowning Innocence, Love and Death*, and so on. But for the most part they fail to arouse your enthusiasm. While such pictures as "*For He Had Great Possessions*," or "*She Shall Be Called Woman*" seem like magazine illustrations. But for all that the Watts collection is of interest.

I can say little here about such lesser though admirable collections as the one at the Dulwich picture gallery, because Dulwich is five miles from London, and when it comes to traveling in search of pictures, the enthusiastic seeker will doubtless know more about them than I can tell him. I may note in passing, however, that the fifteen paintings by Cuyp in this little gallery are well worth the brief journey — only twenty minutes from Victoria. There are many more of the best Dutch masters here, including two Rembrandts, to say nothing of a Velasquez and some Murillos.

But the flower of the smaller galleries in or about London is the Wallace Collection, in Manchester Square.

This is that "*Gaunt House*" that we know so intimately from "*Vanity Fair*," and if Thackeray painted the great Marquis of Steyne with a satyr-like leer, it is not for us to refute him, even though the bust of the Fourth Marquis of Hertford, on the stairway, shows a very trim head with a fashion-

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able wisp of Van Dyck beard. The opening of Hertford House as a public museum and gallery was a vindication of Major Pendennis. Tuft-hunter though the Major doubtless was, he can nevertheless be forgiven for seeking entrance as often as possible to this treasure-house. It is the sort of private residence that in a Lytton or Disraeli novel would be deemed a florid exaggeration, yet any exaggeration would fall short of the truth.

I shall not weary the reader with a catalogue, but some of the finest pictures in the world are here. Velasquez' *Lady with a Fan* (88), Van Dyck's *Philippe le Roy* (94), Rembrandt's two portraits, Jan Pellicorne and his wife (82 and 90), his *Unmerciful Servant* (86) and Frans Hals' *Laughing Cavalier* (84) would be enough to make the fortune of any gallery. There are some 750 pictures and nearly all of them are of importance, and each one appeals in a special way. Whoever collected them pleased his own eye first of all. These lovely Dutch pictures, little canvases many of them, smaller than any in the other galleries, pictures meant to be lived with, as the tiny masterpieces by Gabriel Metsu, would seem lost in a huge gallery. But there are larger, too, Cuyps and Hobbemas and portraits by Mierevelt that are marvels of craftsmanship. There are some beautiful Reynolds and Gainsborough portraits, notably those of Perdita Robinson, George IV's friend of the pretty, empty face, and there is here

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a host of Venetian scenes by Guardi and by Canaletto.

In the work of certain French masters this collection makes up the void felt at the National Gallery, and in some respects surpasses the Louvre. The frail Fragonards, the incredible little Watteaus, the long series of Boucher and the childishly sweet heads of Greuze, so remote from the Dutch masters that naturally harmonize with their English environment, seem to carry the aroma of a brief, bygone theatrical era, given to sensualism and insincerity, that left no trace but these pictures.

There are three separate catalogues sold of the Wallace Collection: a catalogue of pictures, of the Armoury, and of the objects of art. This shows the extent of the collection. You may think you have seen the last word in armor at the Tower. But the Wallace armor and weapons make the other seem like a crude rehearsal. The snuff-boxes, the miniatures, the Sèvres and majolica ware, the great assemblage of rare seventeenth and eighteenth century French furniture, and I hardly know what else besides, all tend to bear out Blücher's famous and laconic remark when first he set eyes on London,—“What a city to loot!”

XI

HERE AND THERE

OFTEN I am haunted by a dim woodcut in an ancient copy of "Robinson Crusoe" that has doubtless long since fallen to dust. Robinson in old age finds himself in dangerous circumstances and resolves "to sell his life dearly." Grim and troubled were the imperfect features of that wooden Robinson! And now as this book approaches its end, and I survey London, I too am dismayed — by the appalling extent of what remains untouched. Grimly I, too, would sell my life dearly and write a score of chapters on as many places did the scope of the book permit it. But I cannot even begin to write of, say, the British Museum, for fear lest I should never be able to cease.

Whosoever has not passed a few days in its Reading Room has missed one of the solid pleasures of life. The ecstasy of knowing that all you can possibly want is there to be had! Only those who habitually use libraries know what that means. The guide books say there are forty miles of shelves in the Museum. But that seems to me a less impressive fact than the 900 volumes of catalogue — where

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every author, however humble, may find himself grouped with the immortals! Nothing could be more flattering to vanity or consoling to neglect. A fine flame-like excitement seems to burn about the heads of the readers, sitting in roomy chairs at comfortable desks, surrounded by priceless volumes, perhaps, that they have traversed half a world to consult. Though, of course there are a plenty in this circular paradisiacal room without that gem-like flame, the literary hacks of London, all the Grub Street of the day that George Gissing has depicted with so much unrejoicing realism. I make it a practice when working in the Museum to take my tea in its refreshment room. The talk you overhear there ranges from Ceramics to Cyrenaics, from Nineveh to nonsense; and though the tea is not good, the faces are of absorbing interest. The tea-room lies off the Egyptian Galleries and outside the door are a few silent policemen and a hundred silent Pharaohs and their gods in granite and basalt, with calm sphinx-like features, gazing into eternity. From their vantage point of five thousand years they seem to say unemotionally, "Hurry through your heavy tea-cake if you will for another hour's reading; it is all one to the eternal silence of the universe." To write of the contents of the Museum would be to write a history of civilization, even of pre-historic civilization, and I think I shall not attempt that here. From the Elgin marbles to the least important auto-



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The British Museum

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graph everything is of interest. All are on a level. Hampden, Pym and Cromwell's signatures repose in the same case with that of King Charles I. Richardson and Fielding are neighbors to Dickens and Thackeray, and Luther, Calvin and Michael Angelo repose together with Goethe, Kant and Wagner. The manuscripts, the statuary, the archeological collections, the gems, the bronzes, the vases, the — but, as I have said, it is useless to begin. Sir John Cotton began the Museum by presenting his own collection to the nation exactly two hundred and thirteen years ago. Another couple of centuries and all Bloomsbury should be one vast stretch of British Museum.

Already the population of Bloomsbury is largely composed of those that eddy round and round the Museum, the students from overseas, the Indian Babu, the continental scholar writing his magnum or other opus, and, generally, all who fill the boarding houses of which Bloomsbury almost entirely consists. London University in Gower Street is not far away, and students of both Museum and University form a continuous population, a Latin Quarter about as different from the Parisian one as can well be imagined. Bloomsbury Square, Russell Square, Bedford Square, Woburn Square, Red Lion, Mecklenburg, Brunswick Squares — the region abounds in them, as though to supply the air for the many inhabitants of each house. But these dwellings were

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not always boarding houses. Literary and other associations cluster thickly about them. Mrs. Siddons, Lord Eldon, and Millais (at No. 87), once lived in Gower Street, and Woburn Square holds, in Christ Church, a memorial of Burne-Jones' design to Christina Rossetti, who however, lived in Torrington Square, No. 30. Red Lion Square is intimately connected with nineteenth-century art and literature, for William Morris practiced his various crafts at No. 9, and at No. 17 once lived Burne-Jones and Rossetti. And in Theobald's Road near by, at No. 22, Benjamin Disraeli was born in 1804. By Lamb's Conduit you come to Great Ormond Street, once a home of Macaulay (at No. 50), as also of Chancellor Thurlow (at No. 44); and coming to Guilford Street, we face one of the most picturesque institutions in the world, the Foundling Hospital, established by Coram in 1739. The hospital is flanked by Mecklenburg Square and Brunswick Square. In Hunter Street leading from Brunswick Square (No. 54) John Ruskin was born; and at 48 Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square, was once a home of Dickens, as No. 14 was of Sydney Smith. But the Foundling Hospital itself cannot be passed over without a word. It is one of the sights of London. To go there for Sunday service and see the legion of children alike innocent of their past as of their future, mercifully at home here, though elsewhere they brought only shame and misfortune, is to

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be touched and pleased in a manner rare in this city. In London you can either be amused or have your heart wrung. The Foundling Hospital affects you somewhat more delicately. How wise was Captain Thomas Coram to establish this foundation! Christ's Hospital, Charterhouse, the Foundling — such benefactions can be found only in rich and ancient cities, where wealth has long since ceased to be a novelty, as it is in some American cities, where the best that many a child of fortune seems able to do is to go to Florida in a private car and hire a floor in the hotel.

On the other side of the British Museum lies Soho with its French atmosphere and table d'hôte restaurants. Someone has written a book on the Bohemia of London, and Soho is an extensive province of that Bohemia. But I should not care to write a book about it. This bringing of Bohemianism to the middle classes and the casserole within reach of the masses shall win no renown from me. It enables a few Frenchmen and Italians to grow rich by supplying people with food they would not eat at home. Some of the restaurants, however, notably the "Gourmet" in Lisle Street, or the "Rendezvous" in Dean Street, are a pleasant diversion in seasons of dullness. They are, at all events, a relief from the more substantial type of English restaurant (outside the great hotels) where feeding is still regarded as merely the next step to slaughtering. The Soho

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table d'hôte has brought cosmopolitanism within reach of the shop assistant, and theatrical men and women come here to get their fill of atmosphere, so essential to their temperaments. I remember some years ago ordering in a Wardour Street Italian restaurant a dinner in an incredible number of courses for an infinitesimal sum. But the present-day French table d'hôte does not ruin itself by any such excesses. Sooner or later, however, everyone in London (excepting some seven million people) comes to it, and is convinced that there is a "something about these foreign places," a something hard to define, but for which the Englishman hungers as much as anybody. Familiar faces people the tables, faces he has seen beyond the footlights of the Royalty theater or a music hall, and that, together with the foreign accent of the waiters, bodies forth a stirring, thrilling Bohemia. The truth is, I find it impossible to take English Bohemianism seriously. There is plenty of good sense and, among the more intelligent classes, a growing if secret disregard for the heavier sort of conventionality. But for the Bohemian life as it is understood on the Continent, the average Englishman is about as adaptable as the average polar bear to an equatorial jungle.

In the early pages of this book I have already said something concerning the literary associations of Soho. But it has historical and artistic associations as well. The Duke of Monmouth lived on the

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south side of Soho Square in 1681, and another personality, perhaps as real to us as the Pretender's, lived in Golden Square — I mean Nicholas Nickleby. Angelica Kaufmann, the artist, also lived here. This was the artists' quarter once, as Chelsea is now. Sir Thomas Lawrence lived in Greek Street, Hazlitt, as we have seen, died at No. 6 Frith Street, and Dean Street was populous with painters. Benjamin West died at 14 Newman Street and Fanny Kemble was born there. Berners Street was the home of Opie, Fuseli and Henry Bone, and No. 54 was the scene of Theodore Hook's famous Berners Street hoax — a foolish hoax it seems, of sending tradesmen, hundreds of them, to call at a certain hour upon a poor, bewildered lady. I have never heard that Theodore Hook was horsewhipped, but that was surely what he deserved, rather than the reputation of a wit. He once sent a man a forged invitation to an evening party of George IV at Carlton House, and the man was refused admission by the servants. George IV upon hearing of it, invited the man to visit him the next day, and apologized for his servants. But Theodore Hook remained unharmed — the wit!

Of my score of unwritten chapters, the parks of London should have at least two. St. James's Park, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens form a system that any city might envy. In size, of course, all three together are smaller than the Bois in Paris, and I believe even New York's Central Park is

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larger. But they wind whimsically through a large portion of London, broken only by Piccadilly at Constitution Hill. To Henry VIII London owes both St. James's and Hyde Parks, though James I was chiefly concerned with the beautifying of the first. Since each of them has a character of its own, I suppose St. James's would be notable for its legislators and members of Parliament (if you could tell them apart from clerks), Hyde Park for fashion, and Kensington Gardens for perambulators.

Peter Pan lives in Kensington Gardens. His statue, presented by Mr. (now Sir James) Barrie, is there for all the children to see by day; but it is at night, when the gates are closed, that Peter and Tinker Bell make the copses ring with their multiform activities. Hook is there and the Redskins, and all the Darling children astir in their dreams, lured by the wily Peter. The keeper of an English park is, I believe, called a ranger, and that is the post and title I covet — the Ranger of Kensington Gardens! Peter himself should bow to my will, for all his terrible boldness, and, unless I pleased, there should be no crowding adventures, no houses built for Wendy, and forever apart should be kept the boys and their dearest foes, Hook and Smee and the pirates! I sometimes wonder whether Mr. Barrie is the ranger, and whether that is how he has learned so much of the habits of Peter. He has long lived in the neigh-

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borhood of the gardens. It would be fine to expose him, to show that he is no creative artist at all, but a mere reporter, a transcriber of fact. But Mr. Barrie is a canny, reticent man, so what can you do?

I had almost forgotten Kensington Palace, far more beautiful than Buckingham, where Queen Victoria came to live after her accession. But at Kensington Palace she was born (1819) and there she heard the news of her succession (June 20, 1837) and to this day you may see her rooms and her childish belongings, always the suffragettes permitting. For be it known that no Wells-Fargo express messenger was ever half so nervous about the bandits James as the average policeman, custodian, or Home Secretary is at this moment about the suffragettes. The present Queen of England was also born at Kensington Palace. I say nothing of Buckingham Palace, in St. James's Park, because there is nothing to say; nor anything of the memorial to Queen Victoria in front of it because there is too much to be said. It is not universally admired. But the sleepers in Green Park, when they are not gazing skyward, seem nevertheless to be gazing toward the memorial and the Palace. Those monuments therefore cannot be devoid of interest. But then the sleepers on the grass are the real leisure class of London, and the average sightseer cannot vie with them.

As to Hyde Park, that is the safety valve of modern England. I know that what appeals to most

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people in Hyde Park, is the "Ring" and "Rotten Row," the carriages filled with pretty and other women, guided by the most priestlike coachmen in the world (so much does their calling seem a religion to them), and the fat horses of urban equestrians, who ride obviously only for the sake of their livers; and the church parade of a spring Sunday is a sight well worth seeing. But the public speakers in the region of the Marble Arch are the real attraction of Hyde Park. I have never listened to any of them more than three minutes at a time. I doubt if anyone has listened as long. But the mere fact that those orators can come to Cumberland Gate and attack anything, keeps England even now the most conservative country on earth (China having become a republic). Ibsen once gloried in the Russian autocracy because of the love of liberty it breeds. There all is repression, in England all is expression. That is why liberal ideas make such comparatively small headway. Mr. Hyndman has recently complained that in a lifetime devoted to Socialism, he has seen only the most infinitesimal advance. Had he but succeeded in suppressing free speech in Hyde Park and elsewhere, England might now have been his. As it is, everybody can say anything and all creeds and all words tend to neutralize each other. Besides orators, Hyde Park grows innumerable crocuses that herald the spring into London and, along the Serpentine, wise wading birds stalk at noon-day.

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Tender are the greens and delightful the shade in summer, yet somehow the place is unspeakably melancholy if you are alone. Here too, are numerous children, but not so many as in Kensington Gardens.

But the place for wading birds, or other birds, or beasts, is Regent's Park. All menageries are, I suppose, more or less alike. Nevertheless the menagerie in Regent's Park strikes one as different from all other menageries. Its Outdoor Monkeys and Indoor Apes, its Southern Aviary, its Northern Pheasantry — the very labeling of its precincts is different. Originally the King's beasts were kept near the Tower, and in James First's day there was a menagerie of a sort in St. James's Park. Bird-cage Walk still bears the name it had when Charles II, so it is said, hung his bird-cages on the trees there. But now all the wild life in London is in Regent's Park. One may spend days there without wearying of observing the beasts. It is like a rehearsal, a vast prelude to the appearance of man in the order of evolution. In the struggle for existence man inevitably triumphed, and the beasts seem to say, "Very well, you have us in captivity, but it seems a poor trick since it was at you and not at us that nature had been aiming from the beginning."

The lion and the lamb do not actually lie down together in Regent's Park, but nevertheless it is almost in the Golden Age. Certain fortunate peo-

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ple have houses that actually stand in the park. The park is their front yard, their garden — than which luxury can no farther go. It is another of London's many anomalies. Instead of being carefully, ceaselessly warned to keep off the grass, to leave all hope behind, and so on, those fabulous people are permitted to live there! Like another Marco Polo I would fain carry this news overseas, wondering the while whether the rangership of this Park also is bespoken.

If all those animals could go to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington they would see themselves as others see them, as we see them. There, in the bones and vast remains of their gigantic ancestors they would recognize that the game was up. In the relics of the mastodon, the mammoth, the megatherium and the diplodocus, they would see that theirs at present is a losing game, that their best days are a million years behind, and that for them is approaching the twilight of existence, indeed, the night. Man, the weakling, who used to cower before those bygone monsters, now gathers their teeth and aptly classifies them in cunning fashion, for he has risen to power. Perhaps it is as well no one takes the beasts to the Museum, or we should have what the boy in the history class called a "revolt of the pheasants" in dead earnest.

The Museums in South Kensington, would, I fancy, eat considerably into my score of unwritten

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chapters. For how could I describe in little the sculptures, the pictures, the loan-collections, the metal and woodwork exhibits, or even the leather and furniture? It ranges too far afield, extends to too many countries and to almost all periods. The seven great cartoons of Raphael alone are an object of attraction to people the world over. In the matter of textile work and arts and crafts, the South Kensington Museum is perhaps unique. Then there is the Ceramics collection, the India Museum, the Science Museum and I hardly know what not besides. I have a confused recollection of seeing scientific laboratory apparatus, steam engines and state barges dwelling together in intimate neighborhood.

But perhaps I am falling too much into the cockney habit of lingering unduly on the glories and treasures of London itself, without any regard for what lies beyond. There is Kew with its gardens and tea-houses, the cockney's delight, where the brave and joyous out-door life of the Riviera and the South of France is brought within reach of the masses — by means of tea houses! To be more exact, it is the tea-gardens in the rear of the houses, brilliant with sweet-peas, honeysuckle and hollyhocks. Be not deceived about the tea, for it is almost never good, but you may pass some very agreeable hours in the gardens amid a crowd that has changed but little since the days of Dickens. And one of the pleasantest walks I know of is from

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Kew Gardens to Richmond and Twickenham along the river. The boats, the shining water and the shaded path will keep you cool even in midsummer. I remember making that walk in August and then enjoying the view from the terrace of the Star and Garter, that once fashionable inn, unfortunately closed since then, because it was losing money. But I hear it will reopen, and once again, let us hope, the Harry Fokers will give little dinners there as of old. Its name alone should save it from perdition.

Beyond Richmond, attainable by tramway, lies Hampton Court, with its memories of Tudor sovereigns, of Cromwell, the Stuarts and Queen Anne, with its numerous pictures, many of them good, its Mantegna Gallery with the triumphal procession of Cæsar, the Garden, the Maze and Bushey Park with its tame deer — a bit of Merrie England that really looks merrie — in summer. But I see I am drawing too far away from my subject. After all my concern is London, not England at large. And the vast bulk of London lies still untouched.

XII

THE LONDON OF HOMES

ALL through this little book, while engaged in recording sights and sounds and isolated picturesque fragments of London, I have been conscious of repressing and holding back the vast looming body of London that will not consent any longer to be excluded — the London of homes. I may say at once that to me this is the realest and most significant aspect of London. The Temple might vanish to-morrow, the Abbey might crumble into dust, but London, the broad, the shapeless, the home of seven millions of people, would hardly be aware of their deletion. You cannot lie down at night without a pleasant consciousness of the miles upon miles of human habitations and you cannot awake in the morning without a comforting sense of the solidarity that so huge a city gives you. I have felt myself an alien in Paris, and who has not experienced the feeling of living in a camp that comes to you in New York, where block after block of houses is condemned to the use of the northward creeping commerce? In London you feel that the primary business of the city is to multiply homes.

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Everything else is secondary. And that fact alone gives life a singular dignity.

The Londoner now and then complains that his ancient landmarks are passing. What would he say if he were constantly driven northward and outward by the advance of the "skyscraper"? It is small wonder that many an American comes to London and never leaves it. He finds that this automatic, unquestionable respect for the home extends pretty much to all his other relations as a human being. And I fancy that a hundred ills in American life could be traced to nothing worse than the unstable equilibrium of American cities. In London, so far as that is possible, the equilibrium is stable.

Londoners often comment unkindly about regions of London not their own. Literature is generally made in Kensington, Hampstead, Chelsea, or possibly St. John's Wood. By consequence you hear of the dreariness of Brixton, Walham Green, Bayswater, Belgravia. I deny that these regions are dreary. They provide homes for varying incomes, but they all provide homes, in each of which, as Mr. Hueffer says, "dwells a strongly individualized human being with romantic hopes, romantic fears and at the end, an always tragic death." Let those scoffers try the unarmed camp life of an American city and the groves of Brixton will seem a pleasant dwelling-place, and Maida Vale will possess the charm and security of Gibraltar. They are not regions to lure
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the sightseer, perhaps, but they are London, the vast plain of the town life, whilst Bond Street, Piccadilly or the Strand are mere hillocks thrown up by time and the seismic adjustments of life. All the "show" part of London shrivels to a minuteness against the stupendous background of mere human dwelling places, and even the commerce of the city, mighty as it is, takes its place as a product, a by-product, of the life, not as its only begetter.

Take St. John's Wood. It is a little home city in itself, and by no means the least important one of the many that go to fuse into the epic mass of London. "There are certain people we cannot imagine living in St. John's Wood," says Mr. Alan Montgomery Eyre in his excellent book on the "Wood," "and there are certain people we cannot imagine living anywhere else." It is no news that George Eliot lived there, it would be startling news if Lord Rothschild were to move thither. A hundred years ago that suburb did not exist, yet within the span of a human life it has seen some of England's greatest spirits among its residents.

It was to a sparsely settled suburban region that Thomas Hood came in 1841 and settled at 17 Elm Tree Road, overlooking Lord's Cricket ground, and Dickens and Douglas Jerrold were doubtless frequent visitors. Two years later Hood moved to No. 28 Finchley Road, as a tablet indicates — now the home of the St. John's Wood Arts Club. An arts

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club in the Wood is inevitable. For there, as Mr. Beckles Willson observes in his introduction to Mr. Eyre's book, "in a thousand and one gardens, a thousand and one miniature groves of almond and lilac half hidden behind ivied walls, a brave last stand is being made against the Philistines."

Always St. John's Wood has been the city of refuge for those who fled Philistinism as well as the overpowering and (to some fugitives) intolerable, respectability of more conventional London. As early as 1830 Shelley's friends, Thomas Jefferson Hogg and his wife (Jane Williams) made their home in the Wood and ultimately, many years after Mrs. Hogg's walks and talks with Shelley by the Bay of Spezia, they dwelt at 33 Clifton Road. Huxley subsequently came as a neighbor to the Hoggs, and a friend of Huxley's wrote him in 1853, "If your Wood continues to be a hot-bed for Deists and doubters, you should get its name changed from St. John's to St. Thomas's." At that time Huxley was regarded as a terrible person who was plotting to rob the world of its religion. A gentleman still living, records Mr. Eyre, saw written upon the gate of Huxley's house these lines:

Pray for this foolish man within,
Who dares to mock at God's decrees,
Whose heart is full of pride and sin.
Go crave his pardon on thy knees.

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And one pious father took his two small boys to this house; "to show you how wicked the world is, boys, there is a man living in that house who has openly said that he does not believe in Noah, or in the Ark. Not only that," added the father to the marveling children, "but he declares his great-grandfather was an ape. So that he adds a deliberate lie to unbelief." For forty years Huxley lived within this alluring Wood; first at 14 Waverley Place, where he lost his firstborn, a son; later at 26 Abbey Place (now 23 Abercorn Place), where Darwin often visited him. This house he subsequently gave over to Tyndall, and built No. 4 Marlborough Place, to the furnishing of which Herbert Spencer contributed a clock. Time, he deemed, was the most valuable asset to such a mind as Huxley's; and perhaps he himself remembered that he had a System to complete and that the span of life is short. Well, Spencer completed his system and time, once his precious ally, has now almost outgrown it for him—treacherous Time! If I had my way, all clocks should be deleted from the planet. Ultimately both Huxley and Spencer abandoned London and the Wood—Huxley fleeing to Eastbourne and Spencer to Brighton. Gone are those agnostic philosophers, and a new era of scientists has come into being, scientists like Sir William Ramsay and Sir Oliver Lodge, already touched, particularly Sir Oliver, by the great wave of mysticism now

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breaking over the globe. Huxley and Spencer would have smiled at mysticism, and psychical research must have left them cold.

George Eliot and her husband, George Henry Lewes, came to the Wood in 1863. This was anything but Dante's "*selva oscura*," for to those two Georges, husband and wife, at their home, 21 North Bank, nearly all the genius of England was wont to come of a Sunday. "My good friend Herbert Spencer" was a constant visitor to this Sybil-line lady, whom he very nearly married, and Browning and Tennyson were among the number that gathered round her fireplace. From that spot, by the way, now rises the great chimney of the Central Electric Lighting Company. I have often wandered about among the groves of that Wood, wondering whether any greatness is there to-day. Actors, painters and some writers populate it even unto this day, but if any greatness remains there it is hidden from us. But the great point is, it is a fastness of many thousand homes.

Even the Londoner who "knows his London," it has been said, knows probably no more than the London that is "his." The London that is "mine" happens to be Chelsea, and I certainly know that better than other regions. Chelsea chances to be particularly favored with landmarks, but if you trace it out, all London is a palimpsest of landmarks. For it is a city of a great age and many incarna-

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tions, and all the bygone dead Londons are so very numerous and must have been very powerful to create the greatest town in the world almost in a swamp. Every day new landmarks are being unearthed, and only yesterday the County Council placed a bronze tablet a few doors away, round the corner from where this is written, to the memory of Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Cranford," who was born at 91 Cheyne Walk, a hundred and three years ago. A few steps away, at the very end of Cheyne Walk, No. 118, stands a tiny house of blackened brick with squat upper windows, that a successful bank clerk would sniff at. A tablet records that Turner lived and painted there. That is where he hid himself from his friends until his death, in 1851, and rose early every morning to gaze at the sunrise from his not very exalted roof, which led his neighbors to believe him a retired sailor. I grant that this kind of thing is exceptional, that all residential London is not Chelsea, but much that is interesting is scattered wide. Besides, I am no longer generalizing, but merely making a brief survey of certain portions of London. At Beaufort Street, leading to Battersea Bridge, that Whistler loved to paint, stands More's Garden, a building that takes its name from Sir Thomas, the author of "Utopia," who actually had a garden and a house as well. In More's Garden even now dwells an author not devoid of utopian hopes of another sort; I mean Mr. Jerome, the au-

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thor of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A step away is No. 74 Cheyne Walk, once a home of Whistler's, and at the corner of Church Street is Chelsea Old Church, where Sir Thomas More lies buried. There is a legend that a man who had once lost himself across the river in what is now Battersea (I could lose myself there now) found his way again by the bells of this church, and therefore presented it with another bell. I have not mentioned Crosby Hall, once the property of Richard III and later of Sir Thomas More, the finest house in London when first built (1466), because it was only recently moved here from Bishopsgate, and only the doors and windows of the original remain. At Danvers Street, where now stands a bakery, once stood Danvers House, whose chatelaine, Lady Danvers, was often visited here by Bacon and Dr. Donne, and in Church Street once resided Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Arbuthnot and Dean Swift. It is a typical old London street, and to this day you have but to step into it to feel yourself in the eighteenth century. At one end of it, not the Cheyne Walk end, lives Mr. William De Morgan, the author of "Joseph Vance," thus still giving it a literary character. And the other day he was kind and neighborly enough to show me the spot in Cheyne Row where he first began, in 1872, to make in very small quantities the De Morgan Pottery and the De Morgan Lustre. A church now stands upon the site, and Mr. De Mor-

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gan is occupied in molding delightful characters in fiction in place of pottery. At No. 5, a few doors from Mr. De Morgan's old abode, is Carlyle's house, now a museum devoted to his memory. There is the bed of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and there the study and the table and the books of that inspired peasant of Ecclefechan, who came as a much-needed lash to the self-satisfied Victorian Briton. Here he wrote the "French Revolution" and "Frederick the Great." His more personal associations interest me less than those of almost any other great man, but those associations are here. In the public garden in Cheyne Walk is his statue and a square off the King's Road bears his name. When Mr. De Morgan, the last of the more genial Victorians, first came to Cheyne Row, Carlyle was still the great man of Chelsea.

There is scarce a house in Cheyne Walk the owners of which I do not envy. These are not all mere museums but dwellings in comfortable active commission. They all have the view of the river and of Battersea Park beyond, and within them is the tranquillity of centuries of peace. At 16 Cheyne Walk Rossetti once lived and there Meredith almost, but not quite, joined him. The story goes that Rossetti's table habits displeased Meredith, who paid a quarter's rent down and never came. At No. 4 lived and died George Eliot, as imposing and tragic a figure as any in Chelsea, or in London, in her time.

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A little farther along on the Chelsea Embankment stand a number of little palaces of which Old Swan House and Clock House are not so little. Every morning I pass them and set my watch by the clock on Clock House, and look for the shimmer of copper in the many windows of Old Swan House. A great number of shining copper vases and other vessels are always being cleaned by industrious maids. In my London of homes Chelsea occupies a large place, perhaps too large a place. Set a little back from the Embankment in Royal Hospital Road is the Chelsea Hospital with its fine garden, where you may see the old veterans that survived Balaclava and Inkerman, some of them, sunning themselves at ease with dignity. Walpole house once stood where the west wing of the Hospital stands, and Pope and Swift were frequent visitors. At the corner of Tite Street and the Embankment lives Mr. John Sargent, and in Tudor House near by was another of the many homes of Whistler. But one could go on forever chronicling Chelsea.

By rights I suppose I ought to have begun with Mayfair and Park Lane, and point to such "homes" as Londonderry House, Dorchester House, or Grosvenor House as examples. For some reason, however, I seem unable to do that. When a house becomes vast enough you somehow find it difficult to class it with mere homes. Such a house as Dorchester House, for so long the American Embassy, seems



Thomas Carlyle Statue on Chelsea Embankment

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to be meant for other functions aside from mere living. And to a certain extent all Mayfair seems to share in that distinction. Belgravia is on the border line. I have often wondered who lives in those large uninteresting houses, and to this day I do not know. Kensington, however, seems less mysterious. Some of the pleasantest little houses in the world are to be found in the squares and lanes of Kensington. Some of them I have long measured with my eye and marked for inquiry against the time when I desert Chelsea. I hear of no such centers as Gore House in Lady Blessington's day, when everybody who was anybody in art or literature frequented it. The very house itself has now disappeared in the foundations of Albert Hall. Nor is Holland House the same magnet it was in the days when Macaulay frequented it. But upon Campden Hill and in the numerous squares and streets on both sides of the Kensington High Street much art and literature is made, and many pleasant and unpretentious people dwell. Being acquainted with a number of them I can vouch for both characteristics, though I make no doubt there are others as well.

Holland Park, Ladbroke Grove and Westbourne Grove are again mysterious like Belgravia. But St. John's Wood is to my certain knowledge populated by at least some actors and many painters, and its claim to past distinction, as I have endeavored to show, is indisputable.

LONDON: AN INTIMATE PICTURE

Indeed, letters and the arts seem to be tending west and north. In Shakespeare's and even in Johnson's day, it was east and south. Hampstead is a favorite, not only with well-to-do bankers, but with well-to-do writers, also. And literary associations are numerous in both Hampstead and Highgate, where S. T. Coleridge lived for so long and snuffled, as has been said, concerning "sumject" and "omject," and other philosophical innovations from Germany. He lies buried in a vault of the Grammar School adjoining the Highgate cemetery, the final resting-place of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, and Michael Faraday. But Hampstead goes beyond the nineteenth century. Early in the eighteenth it was a more or less fashionable spa, where folk went to take the waters, and even in the eighteenth century it was already a favorite place with men of letters. Sir Richard Steele spent many a pleasant session at the inn called "The Upper Flask," and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough drove out there in order to breakfast on fresh milk and eggs, and the Kit-Kat Club held most of its meetings there. Dr. Johnson used to trudge out to see his ailing wife there, and Voltaire, when he was in England, 1726-29, visited a Quakers' Meeting House there, for he was in sympathy with Quakerism in his hatred of war. Leigh Hunt lived there in a cottage and thither Cowden-Clarke brought him the first poems of the youthful Keats, and soon Keats himself, who "was sud-

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denly made a familiar of the household." Keats took lodgings in Well Walk in 1817, and in 1818 he went to live with Charles Brown at Lawn Bank, in John Street, until 1820, and there wrote "Endymion" and much of his best work, including the ode to the nightingale that haunted the garden. Tennyson's mother lived at Rose Mount in Flask Walk until her death in 1865, and the poet devotedly visited her there during her life. And Church Row, one of the finest old streets in England, has a veritable shrine in the Church of St. John, where lie the remains of Constable, the painter, Sir Walter Besant and George du Maurier, and those of many other notable folk. Among the living lions of Church Row, in a house with a fine eighteenth century garden, is Mr. H. G. Wells, who sits there criticising life in a new kind of novel, a kind that instead of soothing the weary Titan after his day's labor, fills his mind with a multitude of ideas — a fact that many honest readers resent. In that house I had the good fortune (if I may brag) of hearing some of the wittiest talk in England. But — if I am not careful I shall imagine myself at the beginning instead of at the end of this book.

THE END.

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